

# *The American* **LEGION**

M O N T H L Y

APRIL 1932

25 CENTS



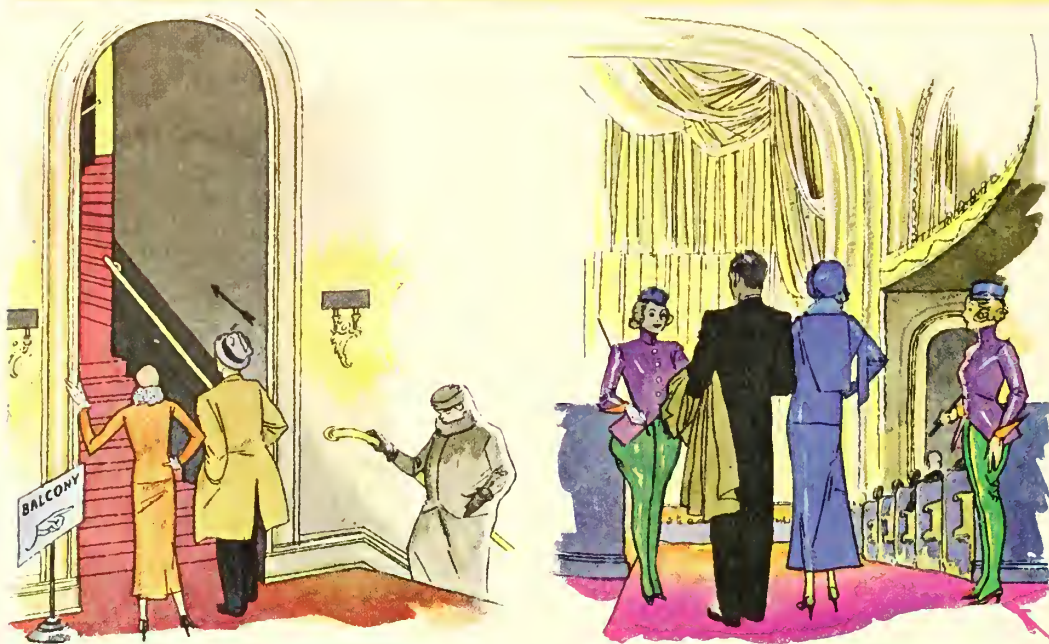
**ALL  
TOGETHER,  
AMERICA!**

*The  
Whole Nation  
Rallies with  
the Legion to  
Bring the Man  
Back to the  
Job*

*See Page  
28*



# Balcony... or Orchestra?



**J**UST AS the theatre offers you two ways to see the same show, your car offers you two ways to drive. You can use ordinary gasoline and get there, or you can use Ethyl Gasoline and enjoy an even flow of velvet power that lets you relax in your seat—and drive in comfort.

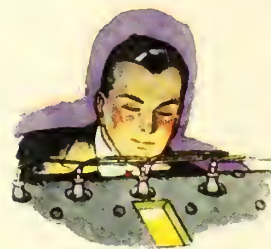
# Gasoline... or Ethyl?



© E. G. C. 1932

Buy **ETHYL GASOLINE**

## SEEING is BELIEVING



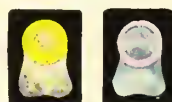
You have *felt* the difference with Ethyl Gasoline in your ear. Now you can *see* the difference. By fitting a quartz window into the cylinder head of a modern high compression motor, engineers took photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels. Compare the uneven explosion of ordinary gasoline with the smooth burning of Ethyl Gasoline in the following pictures.



**LEFT:** The characteristic yellow color of ordinary gasoline even before knock occurs. It is "carbon yellow," caused by glowing particles of free carbon. Ethyl **(ON THE RIGHT)** shows no yellow at any stage. Below, views of the same two flames 1/700th of a second later.



**LEFT:** Ordinary gasoline at the instant of knock. All remaining gasoline is exploding at once! **RIGHT:** Ethyl Gasoline at the same stage. The Ethyl fluid it contains prevents the uneven explosion that causes "carbon yellow," harmful knock, overheating and power-waste.



**LEFT:** Nothing remains of ordinary gasoline now but afterglow. **RIGHT:** Ethyl Gasoline is still burning. Its greatest power is delivered when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most. Look for this Ethyl emblem. It assures you value for your gasoline money.



Ethyl quality is maintained by constant inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. Ethyl fluid contains lead. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.



# How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

*A true story of a man who found that self-confidence  
is not a matter of education or luck*

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He is one of the many who have learned the simple secret that good reading opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. It is this broader view that inspires self-confidence. In one word, it's *culture*.

There are thousands of men today who lack a classical knowledge and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" they ask.

The question has been wonderfully answered by America's greatest educator, Dr. Eliot, forty years president of Harvard. He made it a vital part of his great life work to assemble in one set the really worthwhile writings. These books place you on an equal footing with the best educated of your associates. These books are what people mean by a "literary background."

The new edition of the Harvard Classics is undoubtedly the greatest book value of our times. Beautifully bound and printed, magnificently illustrated, this set matches the finest sets in private libraries. Yet the cost is amazingly low. In fact, less than you pay for popular fiction.

## OWN THIS FREE BOOK

We want every lover of literature to have one of these books, *free!* We want you to enjoy this little volume which is packed with valuable facts. It outlines the plan of reading of Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator. It presents a fascinating view of the great library he compiled, and tells how he came to assemble it. Here's a book for every library table, a book that's yours when you fill out and mail this coupon.

**P. F. COLLIER & SON DIST. CORP.**  
250 Park Avenue, New York City.

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and contains Dr. Eliot's own statement of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

NAME { Mr.  
Mrs.....  
Miss.....

Address.....



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

APRIL, 1932

VOL. 12, No. 4



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QUICK-FREEZE MAGIC

DOUGHBOY, 1932 MODEL

SPEAKING OF RUBBER

IT'S STILL BASEBALL

THE SHRIMP AND THE RIBBON

THE DUCKHAWK'S NEST

YOU ALWAYS CAN TELL

IT'S MIGHTY HARD, BUT—

PAUL BUNYON WAS RIGHT

A NEW YORK GIRL WHO MADE GOOD IN THE COUNTRY

RIDE 'EM, OUTBOARD!

ALL TOGETHER, AMERICA!

PLANS THAT MAKE JOBS: A Competition for Legion Posts

BUILDING AS USUAL

WHEN TO SEE YOUR DOCTOR

GANGWAY FOR THE COAL RUN!

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## WATCH YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER

for announcements of feature unemployment broadcasts and also for special membership prize award radio program, details of which will be given out by the press early in April.

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new.



# *The* FLORSHEIM *Shoe*



*Today's New Low Price*

\$8 *MOST  
STYLES*

No lowering of the high standards that have been constantly maintained during forty years of Florsheim shoemaking—the same dependable quality and fine style as always—nothing changed but the price . . . . *Illustrated, The Rolls, Style M-431*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS, CHICAGO





# QUICK-FREEZE MAGIC

*By Clarence Birdseye  
and  
Stetson Clark*

**E**VER since men have known how to kindle a flame they have been able to control and use heat. Advancement in the knowledge of how to use it has almost been the measure of civilization. Consider, then, what it may mean that through mechanical refrigeration, cold, the physical antithesis of heat, is now also controlable. Through refrigeration the ability and knowledge of how to use cold are just beginning, whereas heat has been controlable and usable for many thousands of years.

Yet already two hundred and twenty industries make use of controlable cold. Oil companies use it to separate wax and paraffin from lubricating oils. Bridge builders have recently used artificially produced cold to sink shafts through quicksand. On battleships refrigeration is used to cool powder magazines. It supplies "manufactured weather" for stores and motion picture theatres. Soon, it is also predicted, in hot sweltering summer weather or in the tropics cooled filtered air may be had for the pressing of a button in the home.

But just as heat found one of its earliest uses in cooking, so cold is finding what will perhaps always be its foremost use, in food preservation. The space available for storing food in cold storage warehouses has increased four times in the last thirty years. And cold is finding a use that is fully as important in the preservation of food in the home. Not to forget that American institution, the ice-cooled refrigerator, in 1930 there were 2,625,000 electrical refrigerators being used in homes, compared to 43,000 in 1923. Yet we are probably only beginning to see the possibilities of controlable cold.

Think of raspberries gathered in the finest stage of ripeness in Oregon, then served in the Canal Zone as fresh as when they were picked from the bush—six months, or even nine months, later.

**It was while he was in Labrador on a mission for the United States Biological Survey and living in the house shown above that Clarence Birdseye got his quick-freeze idea—an idea that is revolutionizing the business of handling perishable foods**

Think of exotic tropical fruits that have hitherto been unobtainable in the temperate climates because subject to spoilage, but which may soon be as easily had as oranges or apples. Oysters in any month, regardless of r's! Fish delivered a thousand miles inland as fresh as an hour after being taken from the ocean! Think of being able to get as fine a sirloin or chop at the corner delicatessen as might be obtained in a day's shopping at a great central market.

Quick-freezing, refrigeration's newest practical development, has made these things possible. The word practical is used advisedly. For the theory of it has long been known to physicists. But like the theory of "high compression" in gas engines only recently has it been applied. (Continued on page 63)





# Page by Page this FREE BOOK

## Tells YOU How to Get a GOVERNMENT JOB



ARTHUR R. PATTERSON

### Page 6—Tells What Uncle Sam Pays



He's the finest, squarest boss in the world. No more worrying all the time about layoffs or being "fired". **HARD TIMES DO NOT AFFECT THE GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE**; and he gets an average of \$200 a year more than other workers. Railway Postal Clerks start at \$1,850 a year—can work up to higher paid jobs. My book gives salaries of every branch.

### Page 11—How You Pick Your Job



Pick the job you want; I'll help you get it. You can work in your home town, travel, or work in Washington, D. C. Uncle Sam has many openings. What's more, once you are on his pay-roll you know that nobody can let you out for religious or personal reasons.

### Page 20—How I Prepare You Quickly

For eight years I was Official Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, so I know the kind and class of questions that are asked. You can depend upon me to coach you to help you pass HIGH, and be offered one of the FIRST jobs open.

I HAVE shown thousands of fellows like you the way to get the well-paid *permanent* Civil Service jobs they now hold. And the very FIRST step they took was to send for this FREE BOOK of mine. Get it quick! It tells you exactly what I would, if you came to see me here in Rochester.

Page by page this book tells you EVERYTHING you want to know about getting a Government Position . . . tells you how you can say good-bye to layoffs and "hard times" FOREVER. When you work for the *Government* you won't have to worry about losing your job or having your pay cut! But that's only a part of the good news. Get my book and get the whole story. Here are a few "high spots":

### Page 27—About Raises Every Year

You don't have to take the boss's vague promise of a raise—and never get it. You can *depend* on your increase from Uncle Sam. The minute you start with him you have a definite future for yourself. It's great when you can *count* on fatter pay-checks year after year! Read all about this BIG ADVANTAGE in my FREE BOOK.

### Page 7—About Vacations with Pay



In some branches of the Civil Service you get up to 30 days' vacation with full pay every year, and up to 30 days' sick leave (also with pay). Not like other jobs—where you're lucky if you get a week off, and then that at your own expense!

### Page 12—About Civil Service Pensions



Uncle Sam doesn't chuck you out when you're "too old". He doesn't forget you when you've passed your prime—or make you shift for yourself, or fall back on relatives. He retires you on a generous pension—independent, happy, contented. Get my book and read all about this.

## These Men Mailed This Coupon—Now YOU Mail It!



### Now Making \$2633 a Year

"After two promotions salary now \$2,633 a year. I get paid vacation, sick leave with pay, time off for Sundays and holidays, work only 44 hours a week. Good pay, clean work, protection against old age—your help certainly has paid me dividends!"

MAXWELL C. REED,  
4552 Baltimore Ave.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.



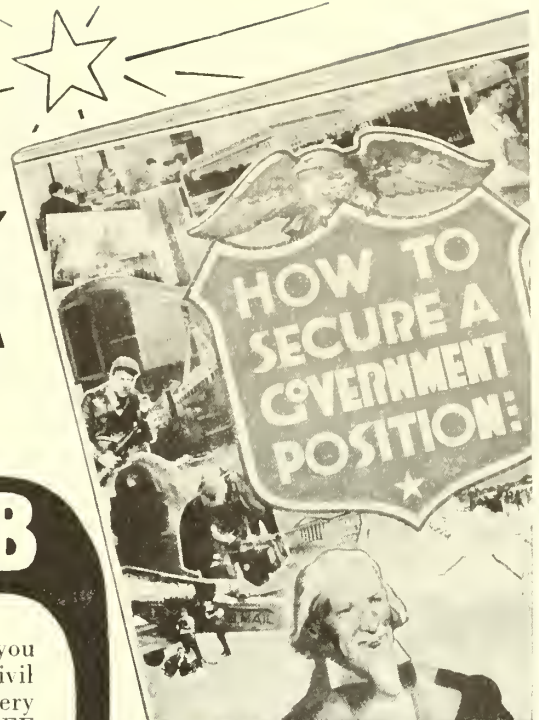
### Doubles Salary with Government

"One June 22nd, after getting your help, was appointed to regular position in Railway Mail Service—and now my pay for 1 week equals 2 weeks' earnings at local factory before. Felt like a King on parade when I gave notice I was leaving!"

A. L. GREGORY,  
22 Starr Street,  
New Britain, Conn.

If you're an American citizen, 18 to 50, you can quit worrying FOREVER about losing your job or being laid off. I mean it! There's a wonderful PERMANENT position waiting for you in the Civil Service. You can be a Railway Postal Clerk, Postmaster, Customs Service Man, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Clerk, or get any of the other positions described in my book. Send for it NOW and find out how I help you GET THE JOB YOU WANT! Get ready NOW for the next Railway Postal Clerk Examination! Mail the coupon today!

PATTERSON SCHOOL, A. R. Patterson,  
634 Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.



## PICK YOUR JOB!

I'll Help You Get It—

Or You Don't Pay a Cent!

### RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

\$1850 to \$2700 a year. Extra travel pay.

### POSTOFFICE CLERK

\$1700 to \$2100 a year. Special clerks at \$2200 and \$2300. Eligible to promotion to higher paid positions.

### CITY MAIL CARRIER

\$1700 to \$2100 a year. Promotions to bigger pay.

### R. F. D. MAIL CARRIER

\$1800 to \$2300 a year. Fine job for men in rural districts.

### POSTMASTER

\$1200 to \$2500 a year.

### INTERNAL REVENUE AND CUSTOM HOUSE POSITIONS

\$1140, \$1680 to \$3000 and up a year. Extra pay for overtime.

### DEPARTMENTAL CLERKS

\$1440 to \$1620-\$1860 a year and up to \$3000 a year. Work in Washington.

Arthur R. Patterson,  
PATTERSON SCHOOL,  
634 Wisner Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Send me your big FREE BOOK telling how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying from \$1850 to \$3300 a year, with excellent chances for advancement. This doesn't obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



# DOUGHBOY- 1932 *Model*

*By Robert  
Ginsburgh*

**T**O YOUR right is the War College. That's the Army Band you hear now. And here come some soldiers."

Joe Bush, sergeant of the late A.E.F., on his first visit to Washington to see the sights, could not resist the band and the sound of marching feet. He tapped the taxi-driver's shoulder, paid him off, swung open the door and ran to join the ever present group of children on the tail end of any parade.

Now the band had stopped its music. Only the drummers in cadence pounded and rattled. In perfect rhythm, the column swung along the road. Joe executed a little shuffle and got in step.

"One, two, three, four," he counted.

He cupped his ear to the sound of the drum. Yes, he was out of step. Again he shuffled his feet. It was no use. Joe was disgusted. He who had marched as the right guide for his company on parades before kings, queens, prime ministers and even the President of the United States, could not keep step any more.

Panting and mopping his brow he dropped out and shuffled toward a large group of civilians gathered on the edge of the parade ground. Noting a familiar Legion button, he approached.

"Say, buddy, aren't those boys marching pretty fast?"

"Why, yes, a little faster than we did during the war. We used to march at 120 steps a minute. They're doing 128."

The band struck up. The column of doughboys marched on the parade ground and headed toward the flag pole. Joe rubbed his eyes.

"Say, am I seeing things? Aren't they marching in columns of threes?"

"Yes, that's right. This is the new infantry drill, threes instead of fours. The Army is trying a new experiment in close order."

A voice from a megaphone announced, "Extended order drill."

A few shrill blasts of the whistles, a waving of arms and the column broke into skirmish line. Joe laughed.

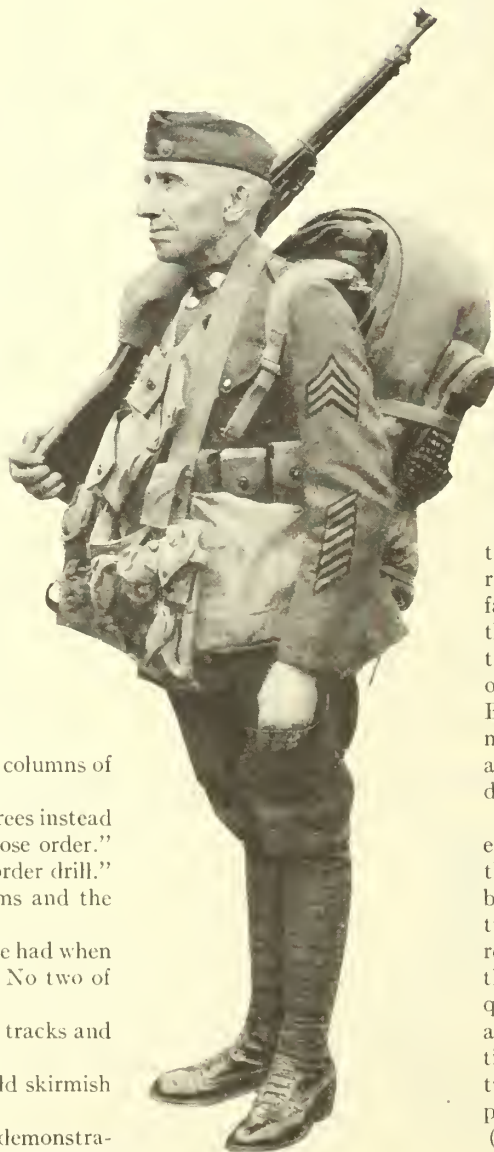
"Same old stuff. Those birds have all the troubles we had when it came to deploying. Look how ragged they form. No two of them on the same line."

Another signal and the skirmishers dropped in their tracks and on the ground described a perfectly shaped fan.

"We are now trying a skirmish fan instead of the old skirmish line," came from the megaphone.

Soon Joe learned that he had broken in on a special demonstra-

**U**NCLE SAM'S first-class fighting man today (right) carries a good deal less in his pack and outside it than did the 1917 soldier shown below. He marches more steps to the minute, and in columns of threes. What's the Army coming to? The highest state of efficiency in its history, the experts say



tion of the new infantry drill regulations by the Twelfth Infantry of Fort Washington for the benefit of the students of the War College and Army officers on duty in Washington. But Joe found himself much more interested in the changes among the soldiers than in the details of their new drill.

He was surprised to find that every soldier wore a uniform that fitted. Open neck V-shaped blouse fronts had replaced the tight fitting abominations which refused to stay hooked around the collar. Loose fitting clothes, quite comfortable in appearance, had taken the place of the tight fitting blouses that accentuated the bulges in one's physical form. Leather belts, (Continued on page 42)

*The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly*



# THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE

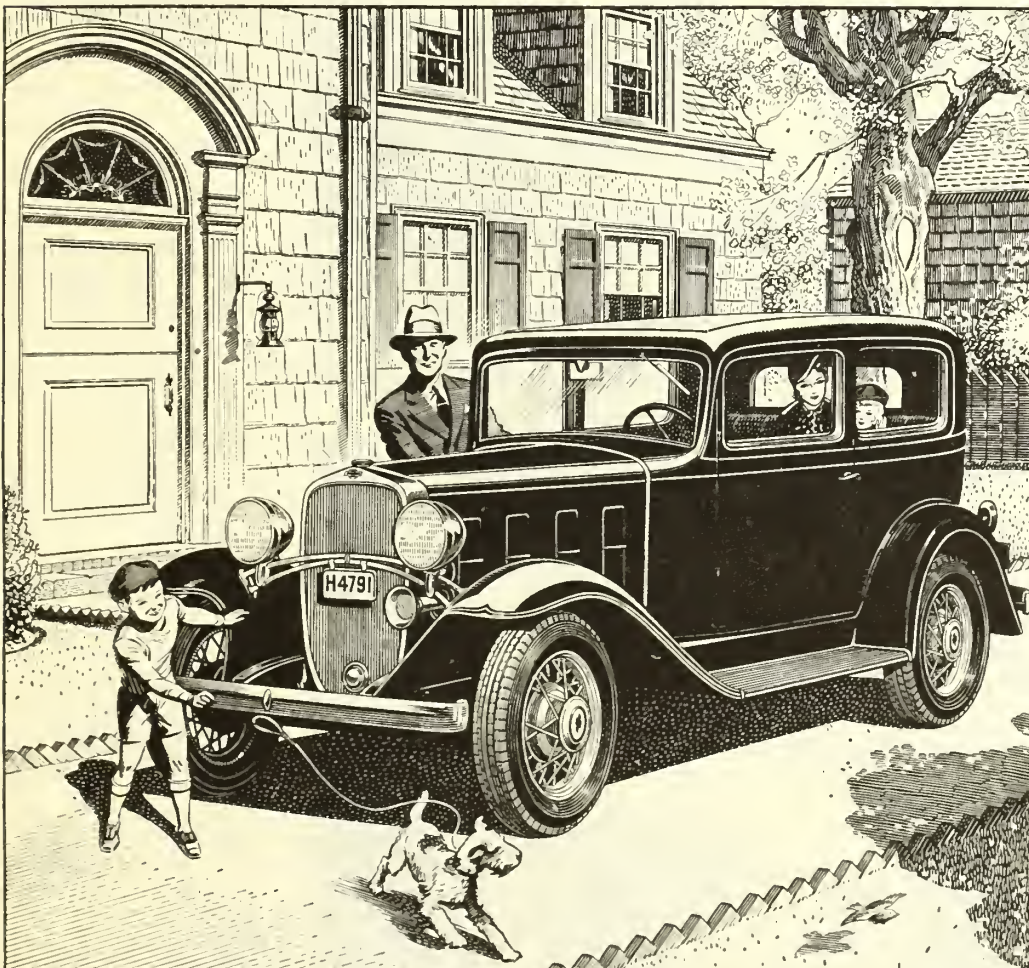
*Exactly what you would expect this year from  
the world's largest builder of passenger cars*



During 1931, the American public bought more Chevrolets than any other make of automobile. This leadership in sales was attained by giving buyers in the low-price field more value for every dollar. And in the new Chevrolet Six, you'll find exactly what you'd expect this year from the world's largest builder of automobiles: *A car of tested quality and proven worth.* Embodied in it are those same fundamental factors of dependability and economy which millions of

Chevrolet owners have *proved.* *A car that is up-to-the-minute in every respect*—with such new advancements as Synchro-Mesh shifting and Free Wheeling. *A car with big, comfortable Fisher bodies,* smartly styled, built of wood-and-steel, and complete with many exclusive Fisher conveniences. *A car with a six-cylinder engine* that combines built-in multi-cylinder smoothness with unequalled economy. *A low-priced car* offering so much for the money that it represents *the Great American Value.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



The Coach, \$545

SILENT  
SYNCHRO-MESH SHIFT  
SIMPLIFIED  
FREE WHEELING  
IMPROVED  
SIX-CYLINDER ENGINE  
60 HORSEPOWER  
(20% INCREASE)  
65 TO 70 MILES AN HOUR  
FASTER, QUIETER GETAWAY  
SMOOTHER  
OPERATION  
SMARTER  
FISHER BODIES  
GREATER COMFORT  
AND VISION  
UNEQUALLED  
ECONOMY

PRICED AS LOW AS

**\$475**

All prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich.  
Special equipment extra.  
Low delivered prices and  
easy G. M. A. C. terms.

## NEW CHEVROLET SIX

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE



# SPEAKING of RUBBER

*By Harvey Firestone, Jr.*

SUPPOSE for a moment that someone possessed a novel instrument which had the power to draw away like a magnet all the rubber within its field. If it should be directed your way, how would it affect you?

The eraser would fly off the pencil in your pocket. Your fountain pen would lose the ink sac inside it, and perhaps the barrel and cap as well. The heels would be removed from beneath your feet, leaving you hobnailed—or if you happen to wear rubber soles you would be left on your uppers with an insole. Your garters and suspenders would sag. And if it were rainy you'd be deprived of your raincoat and overshoes.

You would, in short, be put to considerable discomfort. For rubber enters much more intimately into the many aspects of daily life than the typical American usually realizes. Your habits of life would be changed, and many of the substitutes to which you would be driven would prove far less satisfactory than these articles which you now take for granted. Likewise, more expensive.

Yet the use of rubber in small articles like those just mentioned constitutes only a small percentage of the total rubber consumed in the United States. Of all the rubber used in this country, more than eighty percent goes into automobile tires alone. But it is not only in pneumatic tires that the automobile industry has need for rubber. One of the new 1932 models, an eight cylinder sedan, contains 270 individual rubber parts weighing 141 pounds, including the tires.

Americans have been the great developers of this product which nature has so graciously given us to increase human happiness in almost countless ways. In addition to the bene-

fits we derive from it in motoring and in the protection it furnishes against the elements and in the indispensable place it holds in surgery, there is also the industrial side. In one way or another, rubber bears a very direct relation to the vast amount of work performed in the United States every day. As we are now organized, power transmission belts and conveyor belts and many other kinds of factory equipment depending on rubber are essential. To use again the illustration of the mythical magnet, it is easy to see what a paralyzing effect the sudden withdrawal of rubber would have upon our industry. Indeed, it is doubtful if any aspect of American life would not be affected.

The whole speed of the civilized world is geared to a pace made possible only by the use of rubber. The speed of living has been accelerated as the use of rubber has increased. Without rubber, the tempo of American life would have to slow down to a fraction of what we are accustomed to. And because of this retardation of life, our scale of living would inevitably sink back to the level of forty or fifty years ago.

What are the outstanding qualities which rubber possesses and other equally plentiful materials lack? Its five characteristics of notable importance are shown by its five chief uses:

1. Absorption of shock and vibration, either in its solid form or inflated with air.
2. Resistance to abrasion.
3. Insulation of electrical current.
4. Resistance to the passage of gases and liquids.
5. Resistance to corrosion, particularly of acids.

As a cushion, rubber absorbs shock and vibration. Its most common uses in this connection, besides the

*(Continued on page 52)*



PHOTOGRAPH BY N. LAZARINICK





# WANT A STEADY GOVERNMENT JOB?



## \$1260 TO \$3400 A YEAR

### EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE

### STEADY WORK—PICK YOUR JOB

Steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, lockouts or politics will not affect them. U. S. Government employees get their pay for full twelve months every year. There is no such thing as "HARD TIMES" in the U. S. Government Service.

#### RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

Railway Postal Clerks now get \$1900 the first year regular, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.16 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2700 a year, \$112.50 each pay day. They get extra allowance for hotel expenses when away from home.

#### SPRING EXAMINATIONS EXPECTED

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs they usually work three days and have three days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation, their pay continues just as though they were working. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. As Railway Postal Clerks are continually traveling, they have an excellent chance to see the country. Spring examinations are expected in a number of states.

#### CITY MAIL CARRIERS—POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers commence at \$1700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2100 with further increase to \$2300. They also have 15 days' vacation. City residence unnecessary.

#### CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—IMMIGRANT INSPECTOR

Salary \$2100 to \$3300. Men 21 to 45. Work connected with examining immigrants and merchandise entering the country from foreign ports.

#### GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

FILL OUT THE COUPON. TEAR IT OFF AND MAIL IT TODAY—NOW, AT ONCE. DO IT NOW—THIS INVESTMENT OF TWO CENTS FOR A POSTAGE STAMP MAY RESULT IN YOUR GETTING A U. S. GOVERNMENT JOB.



**FRANKLIN  
INSTITUTE  
Dept. P-183  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Rush to me, entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free copy of illustrated 32-page book, "U. S. Government Positions and How to Get Them"; (3) Tell me how to get the position checked.

Railway Postal Clerk	..... (\$1900-\$2700)
Post Office Clerk	..... (\$1700-\$2300)
City Mail Carrier	..... (\$1700-\$2100)
Rural Mail Carrier	..... (\$2100-\$3400)
General Clerk—File Clerk	..... (\$1260-\$2500)
Inspector of Customs	..... (\$2100-\$3300)
Immigrant Inspector	..... (\$2100-\$3300)



#### EX-SERVICE MEN HAVE BIG ADVANTAGE

Your preference—your military or naval service entitles you to special preferences. In the 1931 fiscal year 10,063 veterans received preference appointment to government jobs. This was 26.16 per cent of all appointments made. Are you neglecting the opportunity offered you by the government?

Name.....

Address.....  
Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It—Write or Print Plainly



# Advancing the Great War Tradition



## NEW DODGE CARS WITH **FLOATING POWER** Patented and fully protected **AUTOMATIC CLUTCH . . . SILENT GEAR SELECTOR AND FREE WHEELING**

DODGE CARS are good cars . . . that you have always known. But you can't even imagine performance like the new Dodge performance until you get behind the wheel of the new Dodge Six or Eight.

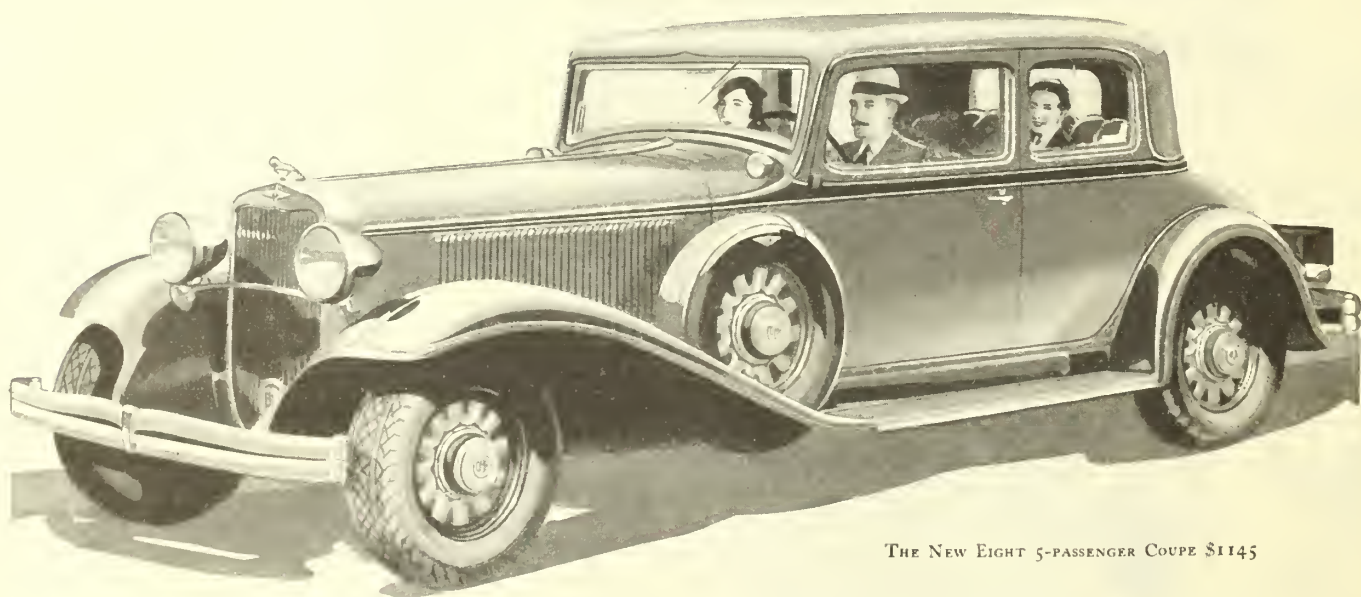
Take one out on the open road. Drive as fast as you dare.

*Floating Power* makes your ride as free and effortless, as silent and tremorless as sailing before the wind.

The Automatic Clutch with Silent Gear Selector and entirely separate Free Wheeling gives you *pedal-free* gear shifting. You can forget the clutch pedal forever.

Hydraulic Brakes of larger size with newly-designed drums give you a new kind of speed control . . . quicker, easier, surer. Bridge-Type Double-Drop Frames and new Mono-Piece Steel Bodies provide so low a center of gravity that you can take sharp turns or bad roads as never before.

You get more room, more power, more style. And the prices are lower. Get a demonstration. Once you do, you'll never be willing to accept less in the car you buy.



THE NEW EIGHT 5-PASSENGER COUPE \$1145

**NEW LOW PRICES—NEW DODGE SIX \$795 to \$895. NEW DODGE EIGHT \$1115 to \$1185.**  
F. O. B. Detroit. Low delivered prices. Convenient terms. Five wire or demountable wood wheels, no extra cost. Duplate safety plate glass at new low price. Automatic Clutch standard on Eights; only \$8 additional on Sixes. Closed models factory-wired for Philco-Transitone Radio.

# DODGE DEPENDABILITY



# *It's Still* BASEBALL

*By*  
*Gabby*  
*Street*

**I**T WAS thirty years ago that I got my first chance in big league baseball, under Joe Kelly, manager of the Cincinnati National League team—the Reds. Baseball was a different proposition in some respects then from what it is now. A few of them I'll touch on later in this article. But the principal difference between the teams and the players of 1902 and those of 1932 doesn't appear on the surface. It concerns the life of the player off the diamond.

When a professional baseball team of 1902 got through with a game the players made for the hotel where they were staying. After supper, which they usually had together, they'd sit in armchairs down in the lobby of the hotel and play the day's game all over again, second guessing each other and talking over the strength and weakness of the opposing players. They ate, drank, slept, thought baseball so much that it became the ruling passion of their lives. They were a team off the field as well as on.

Those days, in the words of the cartoonist, are gone forever. An hour after the game is over you couldn't round up my baseball players with all the three-alarms that have been turned in since the Chicago fire. As soon as they have a shower and are in their clothes they're away. Some of them go to golf courses twenty or thirty miles away, some of them drive with their wives to inns miles out in the country, and others take advantage of the chance to get to their home towns. Still others are lured to a microphone, or a Legion meeting, or even a talking picture.

But they're on deck next day for practice before the game—and they're in condition. The player of today is a business man. He's heard about the notorious old-timers whose careers were shortened by one thing and another, and he knows that in the



Gabby Street, ex-sergeant in the A. E. F., manager of the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals and grand exalted master of baseball strategy, was for years Walter Johnson's battery mate on the famous Washington American League team. His success as a minor league manager brought him his present job

fierce competition of today he must put everything he's got in the way of skill and spirit into the playing of the game, because at the best he'll soon fade out and the big money will go to somebody else. A man who has the ability to make the grade in the major leagues ought to be able to last ten seasons, and after that to hold his own for some years in the minors—if he wants to. If he has other ambitions—well, the country's full of doctors, dentists, lawyers and other professional men who made profitable use of their spare time during their years as professional baseball players to get the education that now provides them with a good livelihood. The poorest paid player in the major leagues can save enough to pay for such an education—or for a share in some business.

Perhaps the Legion's junior baseball program is helping youngsters in getting the right slant on baseball, professional and amateur. Baseball of the sort the Legion is encouraging brings out the best qualities in a boy. It teaches him sportsmanship, courage and resourcefulness, and gives him the ability to work with others that is so necessary to us all, no matter what we do as grown-ups. Such a thing is good for organized baseball and I think it is good for the country. Baseball is a grand sport and if it isn't played as much on the sandlots as it used to be, America has lost something very valuable. We on the St. Louis team think baseball is such a good thing for boys that while our team is at home we invite youngsters out to the park each morning to try their baseball wings. You might say we are selfish because we offer some of these boys a chance to play with the teams we control. But we think we're helping them as well as ourselves. (Continued on page 62)



# The SHRIMP and

by  
Leonard  
H. Nason



IN ONE of the most aristocratic quarters of Paris is a street called Rue de la Pompe. This does not mean, as so many facetious people believe, Street of the Pump, but Street of the Pomp. Pomp is the word. The people who inhabit the Rue de la Pompe are assured of their social position. This being so, there are a great many people living there who have otherwise no claim to any.

There was, once upon a time, a man sitting in the salon of one of the larger houses on the street. He was an American resident of Paris and a man of considerable wealth. There were tapestries from Flanders upon the walls, rugs from Meshed on the floor, and furniture from half the antique dealers in Paris. This man's name was Jeams and opposite him was his wife.

"May I ask who that was?" inquired Mrs. Jeams, referring to a conversation her husband had just terminated on the telephone.

"It was a friend of mine," replied Mr. Jeams, affecting to be very interested in a book.

"It must have been a very particular one to have invited him and his wife to dinner at this late hour!"

"Uruh!"

"Well, I would advise you to hurry and change, anyway, and we'll tell Vincent that there will be two more for dinner."

"I'm not going to change," said Mr. Jeams.

"Not going to change?"

"No. I know these people won't."

"They won't—why who—?"

Mrs. Jeams' thoughts raced over the list of their acquaintances. There was no one she knew who did not "change" for dinner. Ah! But stay!

"Thomas!" said Mrs. Jeams in horror stricken tones. "Is this man one of those visiting Legionnaires?"

"Yes," replied her husband. "What of it?"

Mrs. Jeams recoiled into her chair. She knew that in the dim past her husband had taken some part in the late war. Not an important one, for he had been only a captain, and since all her

friends' husbands had been at least colonels, she never mentioned her husband's military career. She knew that he went, every thirtieth of May, to Suresnes, where he took part in the ceremonies at the American Cemetery.

There was, however, no harm in that. But these visitors! Last night, a Saturday, they had dined at the Ritz, and on their way to the theater had been held up a tremendous length of time by an impromptu band concert in the Place de l'Opera, this concert being given by a fife-and-drum corps in white uniforms led by a very slim lady conductor.

At two A.M. the tumult and the shouting had not died nor had the kings departed. And that had been but the advance guard, so her husband had said. The main body would arrive Sunday. And he had invited one of these men to her house! To dinner! With his wife! She would probably arrive in breeches and puttees with a steel helmet like the girl who had led the band the night before!

"Very well! Then I'll not be present!" Thus spoke Mrs. Jeams in a firm voice.

"You will be present!" replied Mr. Jeams equally as firmly. "I've sat and grinned and been insulted to my face while your friends the Count of Caviar and the Marquee de Clef de la Porte and the Dowager Duchess of Dumbbell ate my food and discussed my wines that they couldn't buy a cork for, and now when one of my friends appears, you want to retire!"



# the RIBBON



*Illustrations by  
Forrest C. Crooks*

He swayed, and clutched at the harness to steady himself. "'Ray for the fightin' Ivy boys!" he choked

"But was it necessary to invite him to the house? Why didn't you meet him downtown? They have very good food at the—"

"Yes, it was necessary to invite him to the house! He was with me during the war. He's going to come here and bring his wife, and I'm proud to have him!"

"Oh, these Americans!" exclaimed Mrs. Jeams.

"Huh!" replied her husband. "Well, we don't see very many of them!"

Meanwhile, in a far quarter of Paris, a young man sat in a taxi beside his wife. He was Edward Marvin, better known as Shrimp, because he was not of heroic stature, but about half an inch under the approved height for admittance to the United States Army. He had, however, got by, and the initiation ceremonies that he had undergone in barrack, camp, trench, and hospital, from the

plains of Texas to the heights of the Meuse, had now given him the right to wear a small blue cap, bearing the seal of The American Legion and the word "Massachusetts." The top of the taxi was down, and as it rolled along the Rue de Rivoli his wife looked out with wide-eyed interest.

"Oh!" she breathed, "that's the Palais Royale, and next will be the Louvre! It looks just like the pictures, only it's so big and dark. Think of it! Now there's the Louvre!

Napoleon lived there, and Louis the Eleventh, and all those kings before America was even discovered! Oooh! I'm so glad you brought me! Aren't you thrilled?"

Her husband squeezed her hand. As a matter of fact he was not thrilled the least. They had landed that morning at Cherbourg, and from then on his cake, so to speak, had turned rapidly to dough. It was ten years since he, a soldier, had been in France. In those old days he was everybody's friend, the olive drab uniform was welcome everywhere, the housewives greeted him, people stopped him in the street to say "Bon jour" and ask him how long he thought the war would last.

Everywhere were more Americans—they drove trucks, ran the trains, worked the switches in the railroad yards, directed traffic and rounded up those who viewed the town without authority.



Now all was changed. The French hurried on their way without a second glance. Trainmen, who in the old days would stop and talk and smoke a cigarette and show the picture of their girl or their wife and kids, now were gruff and unfriendly. He was no longer a savior of the country, a crusader from beyond the seas, but just another tourist. It hurt. He knew now how Rip van Winkle felt when he returned to his home town and no one knew him.

"Are you sure we won't be late?" asked Mrs. Marvin, as they turned into the Champs Elysées. "It's almost eight o'clock."

"They eat late over here," replied her husband.

"I know, but maybe, being Americans, they eat earlier!"

Mr. Marvin laughed. "Not they!" he said. "Believe me, if the French ate at ten, they'd eat at midnight! Huh, I know that family! Anyway, he said to come between half past seven and eight."

"What do you mean, you know the family? Why, you told me you'd never met the wife."

"Well, I never have. But she comes from near us, down near Windsor Locks somewhere. I've heard of her. Tommy Jeams is all right, but she leads him a life, I guess. She's the one dragged him over here to live where he can't play auction pinochle with the boys Saturday night. And then they couldn't get in with the highbrows at home after he made his money. What the heck! A lady with a name like Jeams could never be a society leader. So they come over here! 'Jeams' don't sound so bad to the French."

The lights of the Champs Elysées gleamed among the trees. They rolled on, the taxi grinding like a coffee mill, past the upper end of the Avenue where the shops are, and around the Arc de Triomphe, majestic in the darkness.

"It's far out here, isn't it?" said the wife, snuggling in her excitement, "but I like it. You see so much on the way. Now where do we go?"

"I don't know," replied Marvin. "The driver does. Rue de la Pompe. It must be easy to remember."

The taxi turned in through a grilled gateway and stopped before a darkened house.

"Why, they aren't home!" exclaimed the wife.

"Yes, they are," said her husband. "They shut up the French houses at dark with shutters over every window. That's what makes this town so dark. Hmm!" He inspected the taxi-meter and counted the change in the light of the side lamp.

"Moi, soldat aussi," grinned the taxi driver, pointing to Marvin's little blue cap.

"Oh, you soldat aussi? Well, good for you. Tray bon!"

"Ahem," coughed the driver, pointing to the change he had returned to Marvin, and then pointing to himself, "pourboire!" He made the motion of drinking with his thumb and right hand.

"Hey? Oh, tip. Gee, I forgot, you're supposed to tip these birds. Here, soldat aussi, here's ten francs. Buy yourself a drink and all the other old soldiers. Coneyac pour too le monde! Allay oop! Compree?"

The driver laughed heartily and drove away, while Marvin rejoined his wife on the steps. "'S funny," he said to her, "how quick French comes back to a man. Now I hadn't spoken a word of it in ten years, and here, not a day ashore, I'm getting right into the swing of it again!"

They rang the bell, the door swung wide, and a man ceremoniously ushered them into a gorgeously furnished salon.

"What is the name,

please?" asked the man with a very British accent. "Thank you, sir."

"Mr. and Mrs. Marvin. I think they're expecting us."

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Marvin. Thank you, sir."

"Are you supposed to tip *him*, too?" whispered the wife, as the servant withdrew.

"No. Why?"

"I thought he might be hinting. He kept saying 'thank you, sir' so much."

Mrs. Marvin sat down, while Shrimp, hat in hand, roamed about the room, rubbing a desk here and a chair there with practised hand, for he was in the furniture game at home.

"There's money in this place," he muttered, testing the ormolu mountings of a Louis XVI clock with his thumbnail.

A step was heard outside, the door opened, and the host entered.

"Well, well, Shrimp Marvin!" cried Mr. Jeams. "By golly, I'm glad to see you. And this is Mrs. Marvin! Now it certainly was nice of you to look us up the minute you struck Paris! Shrimp, old kid, you always were a good picker! Come in and meet Mrs. Jeams! Now come this way! Just give your things to the man, now. We'll step in and have a little fermented juice of the juniper now, before we eat. Won't object to that, will you? Haha! Got a little gin here, not as good as Old Agawam, but the best we can get in this country. Better than you can get in East Longmeadow now, too, I'll bet. Huh? Haha!"

Thus, shaking hands, and patting each other on the back, they crossed the hall to the salon, where Mrs. Jeams awaited them with some apprehension.

Mrs. Jeams was prepared for a shock, and not receiving one, was slightly confused.

Mrs. Marvin was not garbed in breeches and puttees, but in a very quiet and well fitting gown. Moreover, she did not wring her hands and stand first on one foot and then the other, but seemed perfectly at ease, and once the ceremony of introduction was over, sat down quite comfortably.

Mr. Marvin, she observed, was not chewing tobacco, nor was he in need of a shave. He, too, seemed perfectly at ease, except for one moment when his eye wandered to a tapestry on which several undraped figures were outlined with considerable detail. Discovering that he was observed, not only by Mrs. Jeams, but by his wife also, he choked on his cocktail, dropped his biscuit on the floor, and turned a brick red to the very roots of his hair. With that dinner was announced, and they passed in.

At the dinner table, however, Mrs. Jeams had them. Americans are not accustomed to serving themselves with a fork and spoon from a teetery platter held precariously at their elbow. She observed that Mrs. Marvin's eye sparkled about with child-like awe and delight from the silver pheasants that ornamented the table to the silent, efficient maitre d'hôtel taking the plates with oiled swift-ness from the neat maid at the serving table.

As for Shrimp, he looked at his plate with tight lips. There were no classical designs on the china.

"Now, then," said Mr. Jeams heartily, "have some of this red wine. It's good. I'm proud of it. See if it brings back any memories."

"Yes," urged Mrs. Jeams, "do have some. It is Chateau Lafitte, one of the three great brands in France. This was bottled in 1911, when I was a little girl."

"Hmm," said Mrs. Marvin, tasting her wine, "I like that! That tastes like the wine my husband makes."

Mrs. Jeams's eyes flashed. To compare the finest *cru* of France that had aged for sixteen years to sour grape juice fermented with sugar—

"Where'd we eat last together, Shrimp?" asked Mr. Jeams, coming hurriedly to the rescue.



Four men in a corner who sang loudly,  
"There ain't no wives with us"



"The morning before I got hit," said Shrimp. "Up in a shell hole in the fog. I was the man that shouted the food that time. Remember I had a can of weenies I'd swiped off the table at battalion headquarters? You and I split it."

"What was your rank, Mr. Marvin?" asked Mrs. Jeams.

"First class private."

"Why, why—how did it happen you were eating with my husband? I thought the officers ate alone!"

Both men laughed heartily.

"Mr. Marvin was my runner, Mary," explained Mr. Jeams. "He carried messages from me to the platoons, or to the battalion. If he found any food on the way, we ate it. Remember Torcy, the time we ate the black bread

**He was no longer a savior of the country, a crusader from beyond the seas, but just another tourist. It hurt**

and the carrot jam we found in the Jerries' knapsacks? Have a little more red. How's it go? I bet you prefer cognac!"

"No, no, this is very good."

"I've heard about cognac," observed Mrs. Marvin. "I don't want my husband to have any of it. I know all about red wine. He can have all of that he wants. It makes them laugh a little, but that's all."

"What is that ribbon your husband wears in his buttonhole?" asked the hostess. She had lived in France long enough to know that a ribbon in the buttonhole means a decoration, but this one's colors she had never seen before.

"Umm!" replied Mrs. Marvin in some confusion.

"Perhaps it means that he belongs to The American Legion," smiled the hostess.

"No," said Mrs. Marvin, blushing, "it's the Distinguished Service Cross."

"Oh, is it? Really? What did he get it for?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Marvin. "He's never told me."

This time it was Mr. Jeams who caught his wife's eye, and she saw quite plainly that she had said that which should have been left unsaid.

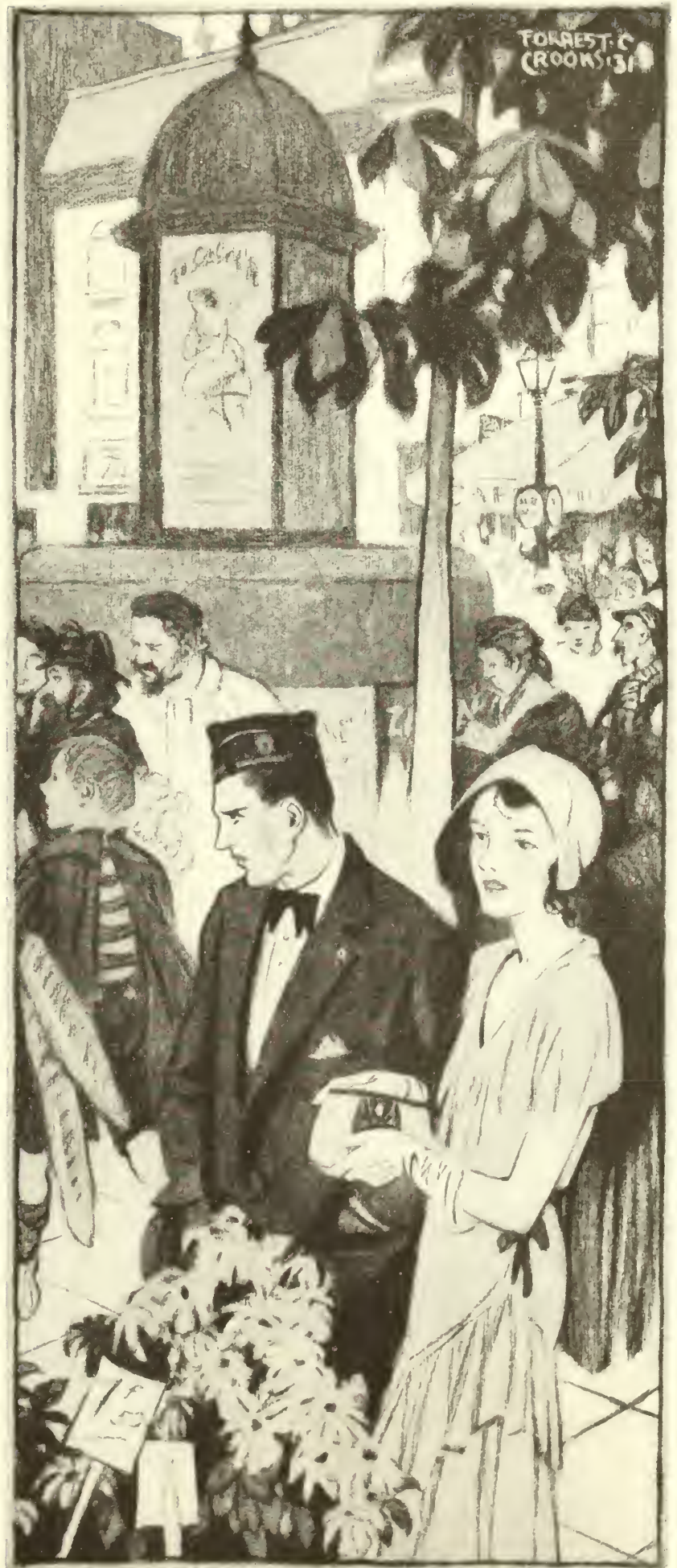
"Perhaps," coughed Mrs. Jeams, "we had better go in and leave these gentlemen to talk about the war a while, and they can join us for coffee later."

"Good idea," agreed Mr. Jeams. "Vincent, leave the bottle on the table. Have some more, Shrimp. Here, put it in the water glass. Now, then, pour it down you. What have you been doing with yourself all these years?"

"Is this your first visit to Paris?" asked Mrs. Jeams, when the two wives had retired to the salon.

"Yes," said Mrs. Marvin. "Oh, I'm so thrilled by it. I'd never been farther away from East Longmeadow than Boston before in my life. Oh, and it's so far across the ocean over here! If I had known how much water there was between here and the United States, I would never have come."

"East Longmeadow!" repeated the older woman. "What a sleepy little town! I know it well. I was born in (Continued on page 58)







PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. W. BAILEY

## IN THE SHADOW OF ANOTHER OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

For uncounted years the face of Monument Mountain in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, which William Cullen Bryant celebrated in verse, has been a nesting site for duckhawks. If you don't place too high a value on life and limb you may be able to get down to the nest from above ..



# The DUCKHAWK'S NEST

*By Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

THE rising tide knocked at the breakwater and whispered mysteriously as we watched the Crow come up from out of the sea, while Spica, Denebola and all the other pale-gold stars of spring gleamed in the dim violet sky.

From overhead came the faint wild cry of some bird speeding northwards, ever northwards to keep a rendezvous with April. There was a thrill in the soft air which stole into our blood.

"Let's do something," said Elizabeth, "something stirring and foolish, because spring's come at last."

"Let's," agreed Herbert, as every husband should.

Then my young cousins looked expectantly at me, as the oldest and most foolish of the three.

"A hundred and thirty miles away, where New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut come together is Bash-Bish, the loveliest, loneliest cataract in New England," I said oracularly. "There are trout in the brook and on a cliff above the falls is a duckhawk's nest."

"What's a duckhawk?" demanded Elizabeth.

"The peregrine falcon of the Old World, the earl of the sky," I informed her. "In the old hawking days the gyrfalcon was the king, and the goshawk the prince of the air, but the peregrine was the fleetest and fiercest of them all. They live on cliffs and no woman has ever been down to one of their nests."

That was enough for Elizabeth. "One will tomorrow," she announced and we stopped talking to watch a honey-yellow moon sail up the sky, making a path of gold across the sapphire sound.

At sunrise the next day we were speeding along the magnificent cement roads of Connecticut, while the willows showed wine-yellow in the lowlands and the shadblows were like puffs of vapor along the hillsides. Once a kingfisher sounded his watchman's rattle as we skirted a little river and there were bluebirds and robins and grackles galore and now and then a phoebe.

Beyond New Milford we passed into a region of stately, white, deep-bosomed farmhouses built before the Revolution and guarded by magnificent elm trees which display to this hurrying generation something of the serenity and beauty of the lives of their forefathers. We took turns in choosing the ones which we especially admired. Elizabeth started with a beautiful Georgian mansion of red brick with dormer windows, but traded with Herbert for a snowy farmhouse with high, quaint chimneys. Mine was a seventeenth century house whose roof sloped away on all sides from a vast stone chimney, a house with one of those exquisite colonial

doorways only to be found in their full perfection in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

At Bull's Bridge we cut across the State until we found ourselves at last west of the Taconic Range, which showed on our right, a vast rampart of sapphire and lapis and violet-tourmaline.

Our highway twisted like a ribbon of gray velvet here and there among the hills, skirting lovely streams and taking us past little glacier lakes where we longed to linger, and through deep, beautiful woods where dark-green hemlocks spired above the oaks and hickories and the blossoming maples made a rose-red mist on the hillsides.

It was long after noon when we finally reached the forge by the falls where in the days of the Revolution the great iron chain had been made which tried vainly to bar British ships from the Hudson. Today a ruined stone chimney was all that remained of that famous furnace. There we left our car and followed a dim path through the thick-set trees. The air was filled with the thudding roar of the falls, like the boom of surf on a rocky coast, and in a few minutes we reached Bash-Bish Brook, which came rushing and frothing down the hillside as if to warn us away from the place. Beyond a boulder there was a deep pool where the dark amber water swirled slowly around and around with flecks and blobs of foam all over its surface.

At the sight, Herbert immediately began to fit together an exquisite six-ounce fly-rod and produced from the recesses of his hunting-jacket a book of silver-doctors, brown hackles and other fascinating flies, while I cut a hornbeam sapling and began to turn over stones and logs after angleworms.

Herbert was shocked beyond measure at my actions.

"Do you mean to say that you're a bait fisherman?" he demanded.

"Well," I temporized, "I've noticed that trout don't rise to flies in this brook so early in the season."

**The eggs are invariably near the edge of a cliff accessible only to the more adventurous creature, human or winged**



"That makes no difference," returned my cousin sternly. "A man should be a sportsman at any time of the year whether he gets any fish or not."

Whereupon he proceeded to give a wonderful exhibition of free-hand casting. The only possible criticism that I could make of his technique was the fact that the fish paid not the slightest attention to any of his flies. When he had covered every foot of that pool without a single rise, he made way (Continued on page 56)



# You ALWAYS Can TELL

By  
Fred C.  
Kelly

Illustrations by  
Rea Irvin



He would like to  
walk up to the boss  
some day, snap his  
fingers and tell him  
what's what

IN CHICAGO is one of the largest laboratories on earth for the study of crowd psychology. This institution is not primarily intended to be a psychological laboratory, but it is nevertheless obliged by necessity to be just that. It cannot thrive as an institution without large scale study of human behavior in the mass. I refer to the great mail order house of Sears, Roebuck & Company. They know more about human impulses, especially when averaged for a great number of people, than most of us ever learn. Their studies, carried on solely for the purpose of conducting their own business more intelligently, show that most people are reasonably certain to do about the same things when subject to the same stimuli. Whatever individuality exists is ironed out in the crowd.

A little while ago, this corporation sent a letter to a banker in a small city in Iowa inquiring about the mental condition of a well known physician there. "We are wondering if Dr. X. Y. Smith in your city is insane," the letter said. "Could you make tactful inquiries to determine if this is true?"

In a few days the banker replied, saying: "We have made careful inquiry about Dr. Smith and find there can be no ground whatsoever for the report that he might be insane. One of the men here in the bank is well acquainted with Dr. Smith's wife and he asked her about the doctor's general health only last evening. The doctor is all right in every way and we are of course at a loss to understand how such an absurd report could have been circulated."

The mail order people, however, wrote another letter to the bank a week or two later, inquiring: "Could it be possible that you were mistaken about Dr. Smith's condition? Please investigate once more to learn if he is perfectly sane and normal."

By return mail they received an answer: "You are right. He was brought into court yesterday and adjudged insane. Even his wife didn't suspect anything wrong until a day or two ago."

Thus the big mail order house knew the doctor was unbalanced before his wife knew it, even though she was with him many hours each day. They had opportunities to learn of his condition that she did not have, for a man will often reveal characteristics to a mail order concern that he would not show to his wife. They had

recognized signs of insanity because he had behaved too unlike the great mass of their customers. The items that he had wished to buy were too numerous and in too weird combinations to express normal desires of a normal man. Fearing that he might not be mentally responsible, and therefore not financially responsible, they made inquiry before shipping any goods. The point to all this is simply that the crowd is always made up of average people who behave in a normal, average way and any variation from this at once becomes conspicuous.

Just what comprises normal behavior for a large number one learns from observing what the crowd has been doing in the past. This great mail order house has learned to know the exact relationship between the number of letters it receives and the number of orders—as well as the average value of each order. While thousands of people write letters unaccompanied by either checks or orders, yet in the long run, of every fifty pounds of letters, forty pounds are certain to contain orders. When the company wishes to know how many orders it must ship within the next few hours all it needs do is weigh the mail. For each ounce of mail represents a definite value in dollars. Letters vary from 90,000 to 180,000, or an average of about 3,000 pounds a day, but regardless of the number, the ratio of four orders to every five letters is always the same. The size of each order varies according to the season, as well as general business conditions. Ordinarily, orders are best a few weeks before Christmas when people are buying not only for gifts but to meet all manner of cold weather needs.

WHATEVER stimulates one large group of people prods another group in just about the same way and hence various details of human behavior are predictable. Sears-Roebuck even know exactly how much better is one color than another to stir a possible customer into action. They often send out little descriptive circulars offering their complete mail order catalog to all who ask for it. Those who are interested in having the catalog

simply return a little slip of paper in an addressed envelope, both of which accompany the circular and are designed to make the request as easy as possible. Now, if this little slip of paper to be used in asking for a catalog were white, not nearly so many people would put it in the envelope and into the mail, as if it were a more conspicuous color. A colored slip is more noticeable than white on one's desk and therefore less likely to be overlooked. But because of the feeling average human beings have regarding various colors in common use, pink is somehow a better color than blue, green or yellow, to stir people to action in this particular transaction. It stands to reason that if everybody used pink stationery, pink would be less conspicuous on an average person's table than it is today. But so long as color usage in business is as it is right now, one may predict with fair accuracy just how much better one color is than another to help prod a man into whatever kind of behavior is desired.

Every little while, a mail order concern receives a letter filled with biting reprimands regarding something the writer thinks the company has done or failed to do. Anyone reading such a letter might think it came from a person used to being obeyed, maybe from an employer who is a kind of slave-driver, impatient with anybody who fails to carry out orders promptly. But from long experience, the mail order executives who handle such correspondence, can describe the writer of such a letter almost as well as if he were a neighborhood acquaintance. He is probably a man below average height, with a wife larger than he is. His job is a small clerkship in which he has little chance for free initiative but must do what he is told. In other words, the fellow probably has no chance to assert himself either at home or the office. He is stepped on, from time to time, all day long. He is about 35 years old and is tired of being stepped on. He would like to walk up to the boss some day, snap his fingers and tell him what's what. Also, he would like to be boss in his own home; but he has learned that trying to browbeat his wife is an experiment altogether too costly in peace of mind. He has had to give up the pleasure of telling anybody face



**Fat women and women having small children prefer buying by mail to dealing with clerks in stores**

to face what he thinks about him. Therefore, his only opportunity for emotional outlet when he desires to assert his manhood is by saying mean things to somebody at a distance. A mail order house with which he has dealings is a convenient object toward which to vent his spleen. He can then say to himself: "Well, I guess I told them." For some reason, more of these boys who feel obliged to tell somebody, by mail, are to be found in the East than in the West.

Mail order company executives know from experience that most people are honest and those relatively few who are not quite honest are easy problems in human psychology. Only a small fraction of one percent of all people who buy mail order goods attempt to cheat by claiming shortages in their packages. Of those who do make such attempts, the company can predict their future behavior with great accuracy. Most of them learn an important lesson and learn it readily. When a customer claims a shortage, his name goes into a special file. Perhaps he is allowed his first claim. If he makes another one, the company knows it is probably spurious, for with millions of customers, and packing so carefully checked that few mistakes ever occur, there is little probability of the same customer being a victim of such an error a second time. When it is evident that a customer is trying to take unfair advantage, the company sends a letter containing a paragraph somewhat as follows: "Since we are convinced that the error cannot be ours, the postal authorities wish to investigate. Please be prepared to make sworn statement when the postal inspectors call upon you regarding the items missing from your shipment. Meanwhile perhaps it would be well for you to make one more thorough search of the box in which the shipment was made to make sure the missing items have not been overlooked."

From previous experience, the mail order company knows that exactly 98 percent of all customers who have reported shortages in their shipments may then be counted on to find the missing articles. The prospect of having to make that sworn statement before a postal inspector instantly creates a different frame of mind. Whether it inspires a more thorough search, or whatever the reason, the ratio of missing articles then found is always the same.

A certain proportion of all customers who present claims of any kind are sure to be easily offended.

**"Please be prepared to make sworn statement when the postal inspectors call upon you regarding the items which are missing from your shipment"**

Mail order executives long ago discovered that certain innocent appearing words in a letter are sure to stir up resentment. If a letter to a customer contains the phrase (Continued on page 52)





# "IT'S MIGHTY

## *Says the*



"I never thought I'd come to this, but here I am. I put in the last bean I had to save my business and it's wiped out. I still have the wife and kids and these"—and he held out a pair of strong hands and then tapped his evidently sensible head.

"We can put you to work road-making."

"Good! Lead me to it! It won't be harder than digging trenches in France for a dollar a day. Believe me, buddy, I was a champion trench-digger when the big guns began to shoot in my direction—and I feel just like they were shooting at me now."

And there was the Legionnaire who drove me to the station in Houston. He had been laid off as a railroad engineer and he, too, had a wife and two youngsters.

"Driving a taxi instead of a locomotive. Will

**New Orleans, the "indestructible city" that has time and again outfought war, flood and pestilence, is gallantly carrying on in the best Southern tradition**

I take a tip? You bet, if I've earned it. I'll take anything I've earned and say thank you."

And there was that man in South Carolina who drove into town to draw out a little money to buy some seed and saw the notice on the door of one of the fifty-three branch banks that had closed that day.

"It's mighty hard, but—" a phrase you hear often in the South. The "but" begins the qualifying clause of cheer which is Southern philosophy. "But, South Carolina has been through worse than this."

Another reason why this article is not blue may be stated out of personal experience. When I woke shivering at three in the morning on a sleeper in Iowa and the car window was solid frost, the porter who brought me an extra blanket said:

"It's eighteen below. Looks as if we were going to have a cold spell at last."

When I looked out on tropic green in Louisiana, and any bed covering had become lead, another porter said:

"Little cooler this mawnin'. Maybe we'll get some winter yet."

In hard times more than good times Southerners rejoice that they live in the Sunny South. From old Carolina to young Texas, Nature's warmth saves coal bills when you are shy of the rent.

Another "but" to the "mighty hard" is typified in the cows that I saw grazing close to oil wells in Oklahoma and Texas. They were thoroughbred cows of which progressive breeders would approve.

Fortunes may have been lost even more quickly than they were made in the oil fields, there may be an understanding among companies by which production is limited in Oklahoma, and the Texas militia may be on guard to keep it down in the fields of eastern Texas, where oil has sold as low as ten cents a barrel—

**L**OOK at the price of cotton!" I had been told. "You'll find the South has been the hardest hit of any section." One reason that this article is not as blue as I anticipated is vested in another boundary line than where cotton begins to grow. South of this line the soldiers of 1861-65 wore the Gray.

Recently one of the frail surviving Confederate veterans—who knew what defeat meant after fighting to the bitter end against the inevitable of superior numbers and resources—appeared in the office of the *Richmond News-Leader*. Having laid his cape and cane on a chair, he made a brave effort to straighten out the bends and untie the knots of his eighty-five years in a military stance. His eyes had the flash of battle days when his hunger had little to feed upon except a determined backbone.

"I came back from Appomattox with nothing but my parole and my Confederate uniform—and the Yankees had cut the buttons off that. The only job I could get was moving bricks on Main Street for three dollars a week. Print that in your paper for the growlers to read—and make it hot!"

The new South is fortified in the traditions of the old; in memories of that school of adversity of broken ambitions and fortunes, and of the miseries of the cruel reconstruction era.

This inheritance matches the pioneer inheritance of the West. The gameness of the old veteran in Richmond is matched by that of a Legionnaire who appeared in a local relief office.



# HARD, BUT---

## South

*A Personal View  
By Frederick Palmer*

but the cows go on producing if rich wells do not, and in sight of piles of unsold cotton.

It is not only in the wheat belts that "the cow, the sow, and the hen" (not to mention the garden) have been relieving a one crop handicap. In Mississippi the tick was overcome just as the price of cattle sharply dropped. But there was more meat for the local platter, and factories to condense milk for distribution in non-dairying regions were being established.

In Arkansas drought followed the 1927 floods. But neither droughts nor floods are perennial, and Arkansas took heart after a crop followed famine years. Only a drought can keep any section of the South from having enough to eat.

Food is almost as cheap as warmth in the South, which is a double blessing. Dietitians of the relief committee in Tulsa were jubilant in being able to buy food with enough vitamins for six cents a day to keep child or adult well and strong. I learned later that it was being done on five cents a day along the Gulf where truck gardens grow two or three crops a year.

Oranges for a half or even a third of a cent apiece, and vege-

tables in proportion, close to the source of supply, are incredible to housewives of the North where reduced prices must include the cost of transportation and handling. Since the North is not buying fruits and vegetables so bountifully, the South gets the surplus at a bargain. Better than letting it rot on the ground.

After the cane-blight, Louisiana had just brought the shoots from Java into bearing when the nation was using less sweetening and paying less for it. Yet the land which could not grow sugar profitably at present prices could grow something for sugar growers to eat.

All this was tough on the regular truck farmers, but they were not so badly off as the cotton farmers. Travelers who see the South from car windows know the mile after mile of fields of brown stalks in winter, green and blossoming in spring, and topped by white balls in autumn. They know the simple houses of the tenant farmers with cotton growing up to their doors. And they have seen the bales on their way to market.

The sum that the farmer receives for his cotton is his cash money for his year's labor. With that, after he has given the land owner his share, he pays his debt at the store, meets his loans against his crop, and buys clothes, groceries, and canned goods. To Confederate veterans the boll weevil epidemic, which threatened a cotton famine and appeared to insure high prices, is of comparatively recent memory.

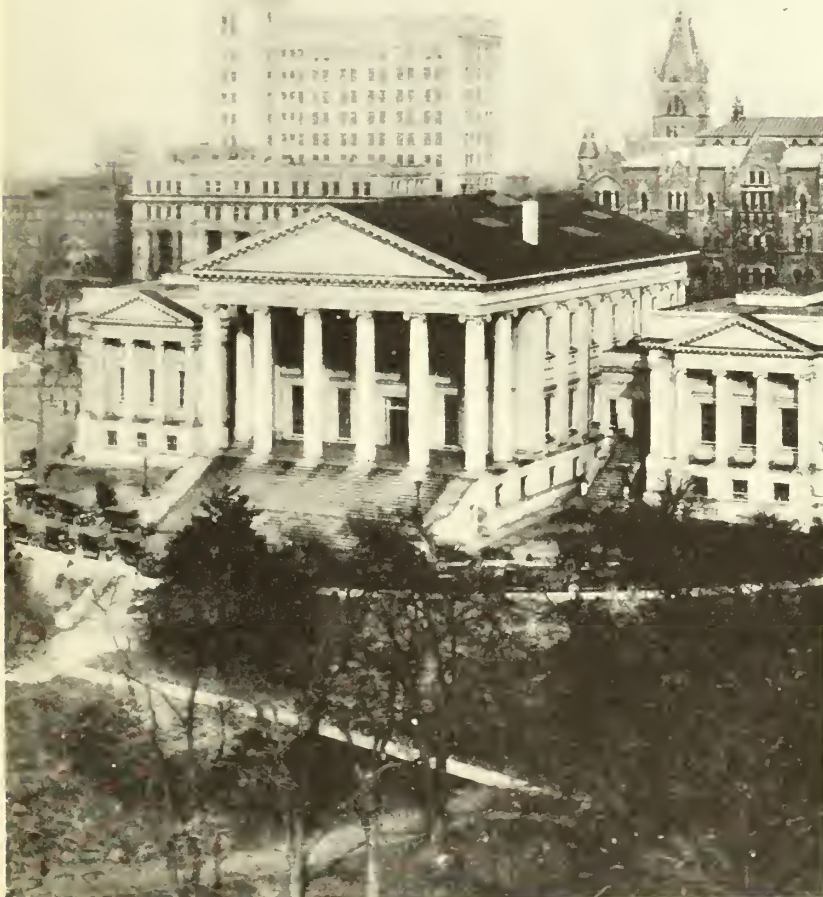
Today no staple suffers more than cotton from over-production. King Cotton no longer sits on a luxurious and arbitrary throne, the master of the source of supply of a product which the world must have. Artificial substitutes are in competition. There are expanding rival cotton fields in other parts of the world.

Texas, which has kept on expanding its acreage, may pass a law to reduce it by one-third, but this requires that other States must

**Hallowed memories cluster about the State Capitol at Richmond, and Virginians, fortified in the traditions of the days before and after Appomattox, place courage first among the necessary requisites of a winner in this year of her greatest son's bicentenary**

follow suit if they are not to profit at her expense. The Farm Board may have bought quantities of cotton, but still growers wrinkle their brows whether to hold on for higher prices or take the best they can get. Landlords have to forgo their profits while the banks tighten credit.

The tenant farmer of run-down soil may turn in vain toward the city where he cannot find work when skilled city men are losing their jobs. In the city he has to (Continued on page 50)

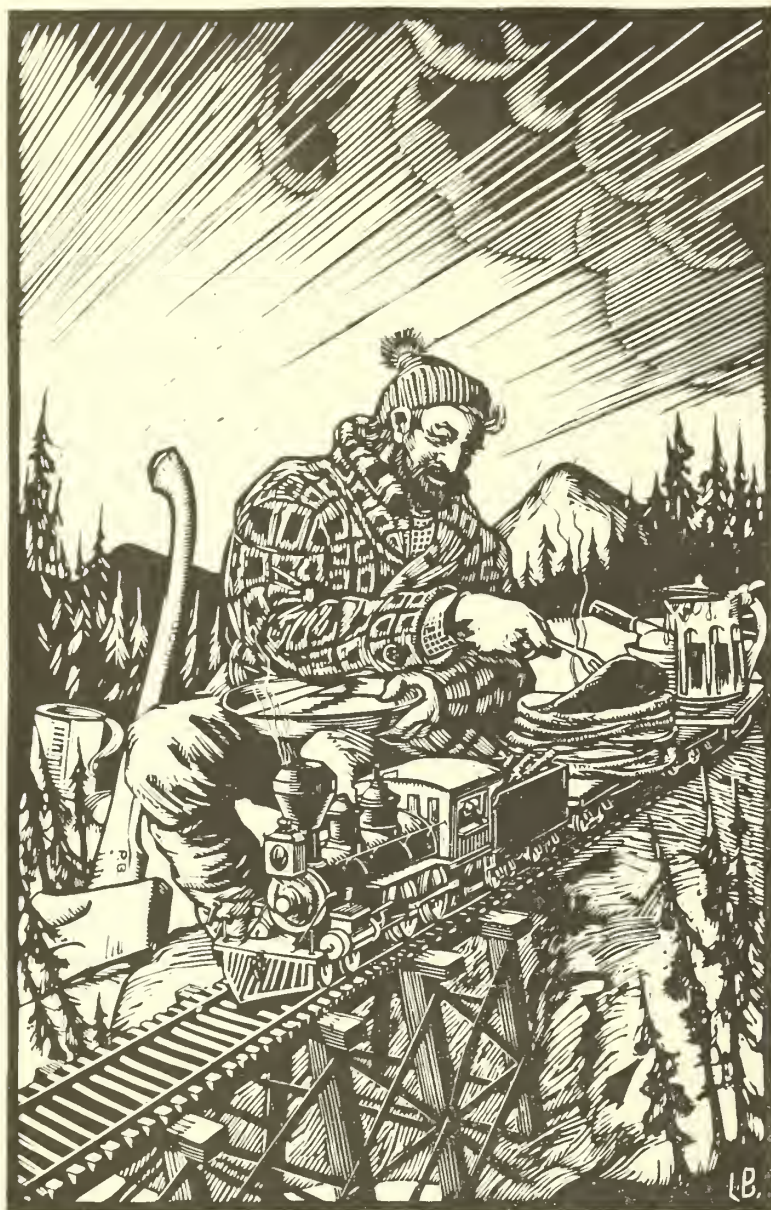




# PAUL

THEY do big things in a big way in the Oregon Country, in the tradition of the mythical Paul Bunyon, who used one of the tremendous trees as a toothpick. Not Bunyonesque words but deeds will be afforded the Fourteenth National Convention of The American Legion to be held in Oregon's chief city, Portland, next September

*Illustration by  
Lowell L. Balcom*



REMEMBER the hot cakes the size of cart wheels, doughnuts the size of life preservers, batches of batter and dough filling two hundred G. I. cans and how you marveled at the fantastical tales of those boastful army cooks in the days of the old A. E. F. when they vied with one another in trying to put over their incredulous yarns? Their stories dwindle into insignificance when the tales of the great Paul Bunyon and his gigantic blue ox, Babe, are told. Those two, you know, were the creators of the vast Pacific Northwest.

With Babe hitched to the plow—a tremendous implement never known before or since—Paul dug deep into the earth's crust, opened a mighty ditch, threw up the Cascade Range, squeezed the rain clouds and brought the Oregon Country into being as a part of paradise.

He taught his cook, "General Oofis," the secret of making hot cakes—how to grind the wheat kernels into flour with his hands, how to use the mountain craters as cookstoves. The lumber conveyors used in the tremendous logging operations of the West today, the huge locomotives and flat cars, all were creations of Paul Bunyon to get those hot cakes the size of Ferris wheels delivered to the giants numbered among Paul's workmen. He was the same guy who invented the round snuff box when he found that the square ones wore holes in the pockets of his employees, the same fellow who invented the crosscut saw when he discovered that two super-men liked to pit their strength against one another, the same fellow who showed his bookkeeper, in the keeping of his voluminous records, how to save a barrel of ink by not dotting

the "i's" and crossing the "t's," the same great old Westerner who dubbed as tiny ferns the trees which later became the insignia of the 91st Division.

Yes, he was quite a fellow. But when you think of the great Northwest—the Oregon Country—the land of the Empire Builders, with its vast, wide open spaces, its magnificent and stately forests, you are almost forced to believe that old Paul Bunyon and his blue ox, Babe, really lived and breathed and did all the things accredited to them.

Then, when you see the grandeur of its snow-clad peaks, its miles of colorful ocean shore lines, its countless lakes and flashing mountain streams—the majestic Columbia, the beautiful Willamette—

learn of its Indian legends, its military history, its hunting and fishing, its people, its cities, its resources and its industries, you become entranced by the romance of it all—the story.

As has been aptly said: "Oregon has everything," but Portland and Oregon could actually be a part of paradise and still not have a genuine appeal unless underlying all existed that charm, that personality, that atmosphere, that indefinable "something" which caused President Thomas Jefferson upon the discovery of the Oregon Country by Lewis and Clark in 1805, to say: "Never did a single event excite more joy throughout the United States," and which has caused visitors to return again and again—many of them to remain permanently. It is in the air—here, there and everywhere.

A city builded by sturdy pioneers where the spirit, the vigor and fight of those great American adventurers of the covered wagon days carry on, where the softness of its climate—of the great outdoors—leaves its gentle tint on the faces of women and its famous roses alike; where ocean liners and freighters gracefully swing at anchor in its harbor; where mountain and winter sports can be found within an hour and a half's ride; where the ocean, with its many sun bathed beaches, is spread out before you within two and a half hours' time and where the tranquillity of home life beckons and tempts you with the warmth of genuine hospitality—that's the kind of a town you'll find at the end of the trail when you attend the annual Legion convention next September.

Every Oregonian has been taught to act and think in terms of



# BUNYON *Was Right*

*By Claude M. Bristol*

hospitality. That spirit of camaraderie which is so evident as a fundamental part of every Oregonian is the outgrowth of the friendship which existed between the settlers and the travelers during the early days of Oregon's history when only crude cabins and lone missionary settlements marked the long and lonely trail to the fertile valleys west of the mountains.

Witness the "Open House" of Oregon's delegations at other conventions. Those of you who were in Omaha, Philadelphia, San Antonio, Louisville, Boston and Detroit had a sample of that projecting friendliness—the hospitality of the Oregonians—tasted their delicious salmon, their world-renowned cheese, their pears, their prunes, their walnuts, their filberts—just a few of the products for which the State is famed, and before long those of you who attend the convention will understand how Oregonians get the way they are.

Keep in mind that in this huge State are thousands of the children and grandchildren of those great Americans who made

none of the clanking of the overhead, none of that maddening din of the milling throngs and the raucous honkings of a thousand taxicabs heard in the metropolitan areas of the Oregon Country. Instead when you see Portland during the day from its surrounding hills, catch the beauty of the glorious greenness abounding, with the snow covered peaks in its very backyard, feel the power and industry of its people, you will dream of a natural fairyland wherein the hand of man has set nature to its task. Then at night, moving along its skyline boulevards you will behold the twinkling of millions of its colored lights and the charm of the city's enchantment will embrace you.

Now if, upon your arrival in this Northwest metropolis, you conclude this story is ballyhoo and that Oregon and Portland haven't everything, just ask for what you want. Remember many of the early settlers came from Kentucky, Tennessee and other mountainous States of the South where hospitality was considered by the inhabitants as a duty as well as a privilege.



© BRIDGEMAN AERIAL SURVEYS

Portland, famous for its roses and its hospitality, has the usual quota of hotels, tall buildings and parks of a large American city. The city nestles at the foot of marvelous scenic hills and mountains. Up the Columbia, noted for its salmon, come ocean vessels from the Pacific, a hundred-odd miles away

the West and as you contact them you'll catch that spirit of the great Northwest engendered by their forefathers.

Crowded cities where you are cramped for breathing space are unknown in these parts. There's no roar of the underground.

There was a time when writers tried to steal Crater Lake, one of the three great scenic wonders of the world, the Oregon Marble Caves, the Columbia River Highway, America's most beautiful and famous highway, and picturesque (Continued on page 54)



# A NEW YORK GIRL *Who Made Good* *in the* COUNTRY

*By Philip Von Blon*



**W**HEN Grover Cleveland was President for the second time, a slender, light-haired girl played in front of a row of brownstone houses on East 56th Street in New York City. She strolled along the East River watching puffing tug-boats, barges and the little steamers. She went picnicking occasionally in Jones Woods, the riverfront trees from East 63rd to East 69th Street which were just beginning to acquire the dignity of a park. Weekdays she marched morning and afternoon to Public School No. 59 and Sundays she attended the Beekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church. She was Louise Elisabeth Werlé and she lived in one of the brownstone houses with her father and mother and her brothers and sisters.

It is almost a distinction to be born in New York City. That metropolis with its seven million people has grown to be the mightiest center of population in the world because it has drawn to itself year after year thousands upon thousands of persons from the rest of the United States and because it once absorbed annually so large a percentage of those who came to America from foreign lands.

It was a much smaller New York that the Louise Elisabeth Werlé of Grover Cleveland's time knew. Only two and a half million men, women and children lived in it then and they had plenty of elbow room. It was the New York City of horse cars and gas lights. Only the Brooklyn Bridge spanned the East River to link the city of Brooklyn with the city of New York, and that bridge was still one of the wonders of the world. A daring engineer had tried to drive a tube beneath the Hudson but had run out of money and his partly-completed tunnel lay dark and deserted on the riverbed, destined to be finished by William Gibbs McAdoo after another century had begun. The brownstone houses on East 56th Street belonged to an expansive, uncrowded residential district. Tall apartments had not yet sprung up on the streets and avenues, and there were many vacant lots where boys played baseball and little girls played running games such as hide and go seek. In this pleasant environment, the sons and daughters

of Mr. and Mrs. August Werlé found the heritage of opportunity of glamorous Manhattan. The father and mother had come from Germany cherishing family traditions of an earlier Werlé migration from France.

Louise Werlé found in school more than the knowledge conveniently assembled for her in textbooks. In successive grades she had teachers who imparted what one could not gain from textbooks—radio-active personalities who transmitted to their pupils an enthusiasm for learning. Miss Werlé early felt the stirrings of ambition. She reflected it in the way she recited the conventional little poems on the entertainment days. Her ease and assurance marked her among her classmates. In Sunday School also, she found an opportunity to develop a natural liking for public speaking.

She did not dream that the ability she was developing would one day bring her the highest honors of leadership in an organization of a half million American women. The Louise Werlé of Grover Cleveland's day was to become Mrs. Frederick C. Williams, elected National President of The American Legion Auxiliary at the national convention held at Detroit, Michigan, in September, 1931.

Today Mrs. Williams, appearing in State after



**Sergeant Frederick C. Williams, Railroad Artillery, A. E. F. It was after he had served as a color sergeant in the Spanish-American War that he married Louise Werlé**

State, known for her record of accomplishment in long service for the Auxiliary, has retained the earnestness, sincerity and simplicity she acquired in her formative years.

She is an orator of distinction, and in her addresses throughout the country she has dramatized the Legion's ideals and purposes and given new understanding of them everywhere. Her gifts as a parliamentarian and organizer stand out as she presides at the Auxiliary's national meetings and as she directs the activities which promise to bring to the organization another big increase in membership in 1932.

**I**N Louise Williams' school days, New York was beginning to feel the first impulses of the Arabian Nights transformation which was to come with the



# NEARLY HALF A MILLION WOMEN HAIL HER AS LEADER

Mrs. Louise Werlé Williams of Tuckahoe, New York, President of The American Legion Auxiliary. At the left, Louise Werlé in Spanish War days

new century. The schoolgirl saw something of tragedy during the depression of 1893, when breadlines were long and homeless men wandered through every street. She saw the end of that depression, when the harassed citizens threw off their customary political apathy and debated with hot-tempered zeal such issues as the full dinner pail, free silver and the mission of William Jennings Bryan. That campaign of 1896 was a political maelstrom which caught up every thinking and argumentative man and woman, boy and girl. School children wore badges of McKinley or Bryan. Like their elders, they repeated the slogans which were setting fire to the country's imagination and prejudice and argued endlessly. It was good to be a part of all this, for a boy or girl who went through that battle was not likely to be a sideline citizen in later life. The campaign was a two-ring crusade, with knights of both parties jousting on every platform, seeking to save the country with oratory.

But before these stirring days, Louise Werlé had taken her first—and it was to be her only—job in the business world. She became associated with Sara Hadley and for seven years she was pupil and protégée of this pioneer among American business women.

Sara Hadley was a genius. Born to wealth in Toronto, Canada, reared in the traditions of exclusive society, she established a lace business, and she searched France, Belgium and Italy for the rarest products of lace craftsmen. Her studio at Broadway and East 21st Street took on a subtle something from her personality which made it a shrine for collectors and wealthy women.

Those were the days of lace. Every woman treasured it. Brussels Point and Venetian Point had intricacies which required its collectors to be versed in science as well as art. Single pieces were worth thousands of dollars. Rare old specimens from Brussels and Venice were admired as devotedly as paintings of the old masters. Repairing and cleaning these ancient pieces called for the skill of craftsmen from Europe. The pieces were of all shapes and sizes. There were magnificent coverings for dinner tables, smaller pieces such as napkins and doilies. There were trimmings for dresses, and particularly pieces for church altar cloths and chalice veils. There were other laces of all sorts for home decorations. In Sara Hadley's studio, the exhibits graced baize-covered round tables. A list of those who came to see them would have read like the pages of the Social Register of that period.

Louise Werlé, carrying on her accounting and secretarial tasks, learned much from Sara Hadley. She acquired a knowledge of all the phases of the lace industry, and she early developed real skill in the diplomacy of business, the relations with customers. So well did she master all the details that she was left in charge of the business during Sara Hadley's collecting trips to Europe.

IN 1898 the music of bands and drum corps resounded in Broadway, with the tramp of marching feet. The War with Spain had come and crowds lined Manhattan's curbstones to cheer the regiments that were going to camps. Something of the excitement of these departures penetrated to the sedate studio of Sara Hadley. At last came a day which called for a more



HARRIS AND TWIN

intimate farewell than those waved from the windows of a building. One of Louise Werlé's cousins was departing for training camp at Chickamauga, Tennessee, and, with several of her friends, she went to Jersey City to say goodbye to him.

There was singing when the Ninth New York Infantry marched off ferryboats and lined up on the pier to say its farewells. The doughboys in blue sang "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and as an encore, "Just Break the News to Mother." They sang another song, with the refrain: "In my uniform of blue, I'll come marching home to you. Goodbye, little girl, goodbye!" Louise Werlé did not forget those songs, and with her memory of them she held another memory. Her cousin had introduced to her Color Sergeant Frederick C. Williams. It was just a casual introduction, but later she had seen him standing alone and talked with him.

There were many parties for New York's soldiers when they came home. There was one where Louise Werlé met Frederick C. Williams a second time. They met often after that, and they went together to parties that succeeded the ones of the homecoming period. In 1901 Mr. Williams (Continued on page 65)



# Ride 'Em, OUTBOARD!

by Everett B. Morris

**T**HAT long, hot row across a Mid-Western lake that Ole Evinrude took one warm afternoon more than a quarter of a century ago to get some ice cream for the girl friend started something that must awe even Mr. Evinrude in his moments of contemplation as president of the Outboard Motors Corporation in Milwaukee.

For one thing it started Ole thinking how much nicer the trip would have been if he had not had to sweat over the oars. He thought, too, how much harder the ice cream would have been when he delivered it to the g. f. if the boat had had some swifter means of propulsion than the ash breeze whipped up by his oars.

But Ole did more than think. Within the next few months he did a lot of acting. The result of his cerebral and manual activity was a small, portable gasoline engine that bore more than a slight resemblance to the mechanical assembly of an ice cream freezer. Ole hung the contraption on the stern of his skiff and called it an outboard motor. He cranked it and its tiny cylinder responded with startling putt-putts. The skiff scudded over the water at the astonishing speed of five miles an hour and Ole discarded his oars—figuratively, that is, because early outboard motors often ceased to putt-putt and one had to get home again somehow.

Now there are more than half a million outboard motors scattered around the world's harbors, lakes, ponds and navigable

**T**HEY wear life jackets when they do their stuff, these pilots of racing outboard motors—and they'd better! Thrills and spills are almost equally common in this rapidly growing sport, in which a driver tossed into the water isn't necessarily out of the race

dous, spectacular and nerve-tingling a sport as there is on the water. If you don't believe it get behind the steering wheel of a 150-pound cockle shell of a boat driven by an outboard motor that will bounce you over the wavelets at just short of a mile a minute. You may be frightened out of your skin, you may get a grand kick out of the experience, but one thing is certain—you'll come ashore with whole-hearted respect and admiration for the courage, skill and ingenuity of the boys and girls who engage in outboard motorboat competition.

From January to December, on nearly every open piece of water in the land these outboarders do their stuff. Week in and week out they race, experimenting with new types of hulls, new



Here they come and there they go! Despite the numerous spills, the outboards have thus far had no fatalities in their racing history, which goes back to 1925

streams performing myriad marine tasks. Thousands of these amazing little engines are owned by a rapidly growing fraternity known as outboard racers, a group that participates in as hazar-

engine accessories, new fuel mixtures in their eternal quest for more speed, a bigger kick out of the game. It is a far cry from Ole Evinrude's decorous five miles per hour to Tommy Estlick's





**Up and at 'em! An outboard racer leaping clear out of the water in its first test in the waters of the Gulf of Biloxi, Mississippi**

present world record of 56.525 m. p. h., but the outboarders won't be satisfied until they've hit an even mile a minute, and perhaps not even then. They've raised the top speed forty miles an hour in less than seven years and stand a good chance of reaching their goal of sixty before another winter rolls around.

I have been asked often what there is about outboard racing that holds such irresistible allure and fascination for its devotees. Unable to be very definite in the way of a reply, I passed the question along to one of the country's leading officials in the sport. I quote herewith his startling answer:

"All outboard drivers are screwy. If they were normal mentally they wouldn't be outboard drivers."

A little rough on the game, I think, and probably inspired by his contact with the wilder, reckless element that one finds in any sport. Surely there must be something unusually attractive about a competitive activity that appeals alike to the baker and banker, plumber and merchant, schoolboy and racketeer, college boys (and girls), actors, stenographers—in fact men and women in nearly every walk of life. It isn't a comfortable sport either. The boats are small, wet and cramped and the driver takes a terrific shaking-up driving through rough water. I have seen boys black and blue from ankles to hips from bouncing around inside their frail craft over a bumpy course. And I have seen others worn to the point of collapse from the mental and physical strain involved in keeping right side up on the turns and hammering through the wake of competitors in long distance races. But they always go back for more.

IT IS no game for the dilettante, for the timid, for the lover of ease and safety. Spills are common occurrences and the water can be mighty hard when you are flung at it from a boat making above forty miles an hour. There is always danger of collision and upset in large fields and when a driver spills he is imperiled by other boats moving so rapidly that they haven't time or room in which to avoid the spot where he was catapulted overboard. There have been injuries of a serious nature suffered in outboard races, but by no means as many as the law of averages would seem to dictate. And there never has been a fatal outboard racing accident. That's another miracle that defies explanation when you recall some of the starting-line jams and the crush of the roaring packs hitting a turn wide open with only inches separating the

parade of speeding, sliding, bouncing boats.

Perhaps therein lies outboard racing's secret of attraction—that thrill of rapid movement over the water with the ever-present danger of a spill and injury riding at one's elbow, outmaneuvering the other

fellow on the turns and nursing those ever so precious few additional revolutions per minute out of a whirring engine on the straightaways.

In a small, unorganized way outboard racing made its first appearance in this country during the World War. The possibilities of the sport began to dawn on motor manufacturers and by 1923 Johnson Brothers had perfected a high speed machine built especially for racing instead of replacing oars in a lumbering skiff or paddles in a canoe. A year later, notably in the Middle West with its numberless quiet lakes and rivers, the outboard boom began to take form and the sport received its first recognition from organized motorboating when outboard races were added to the Gold Cup speedboat regatta program at Manhasset Bay, New York, in the summer of 1925. The then sensational speed of sixteen miles an hour was recorded in that competition and the wisecracks began to wonder how long it would last.

As more drivers took up the sport and competed against the barnstorming pilots who tramped about New England and the East in the pioneering days, the demand for official records and supervision grew. Nothing concrete developed along these lines until the National Motorboat Show in New York in January, 1929, when the National Outboard Association was formed and plans made for the first American championship regatta at Peoria, Illinois, that autumn. Now national title meets are fixtures and no motorboat regatta worthy of the name is complete without its quota of races for the noisy, spluttering, splashing outboards.

THAT, briefly, is a sketchy history of American outboard racing, a sport which now supports a national organization with 7,000 members, a permanent office in Chicago, adheres to a strictly enforced code of competitive conduct and shows off in regattas held wherever there's enough water to float a boat and turn it around. The value of permanent trophies raced for in outboards now reaches six figures and there isn't a section of the country that hasn't at least one huge outboard racing festival a season as a climax for the smaller

(Continued on page 48)



# All Together, AMERICA!

*By Mark J. McKee*

*Executive Director, National Employment Commission, The American Legion*

**A**T EIGHT o'clock on the morning of February 15th, zero hour for the first battle of the War Against Depression, the greatest army of Americans mobilized since the World War jumped off toward its first objective—to find jobs for 1,000,000 persons. Writing this on Washington's Birthday, a week after the jump-off, I now report that in the first seven days of our nation-wide drive we actually put to work 68,060 wage-earners, an average of practically 10,000 a day.

Our campaign is just gathering momentum. Telegrams are pouring in upon us. The nation is aroused and is rallying to our call. We are pressing onward with new determination and new confidence. Everywhere there is the realization that the country, confronted by a crisis as serious as the one it faced in 1917 and 1918—can only meet this crisis by the national fighting spirit and methods which gave us victory thirteen years ago.

Allied with The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary are the American Federation of Labor and the Association of National Advertisers. Associated with these four organizations are such other co-operating groups as the nation's radio broadcasting chains, 800 daily and 2,000 weekly newspapers, several hundred weekly and monthly publications, a large number of billboard advertisers and churches of all denominations. President Hoover has unreservedly endorsed our campaign, and so have the governors of thirty-eight States.

The success of our drive is in the hands of the local committees, organized in every city and town by the 10,600 posts of The American Legion and the 7,500 units of The American Legion Auxiliary and representing every important element in each community. These local committees are conducting the shop-to-shop, factory-to-factory, home-to-home canvasses everywhere which are placing unemployed men on payrolls and providing them with urgently-needed employment in other ways.

The headquarters of this campaign is now one of the busiest spots in New York City. In an unused dining room in the Hotel Biltmore, supplied without cost to us, a score of men and women are working day and night shifts, sending out campaign material to the local committees, tabulating the reports which are coming to us in telegrams from all over the country and conducting the many-sided efforts which are keeping this movement before the eyes of the nation.

Telegrams from posts began to pour into the headquarters shortly after the zero hour. The first to arrive came from Howard Rowton, Adjutant of the Department of Florida, reporting that in his home city of Palatka, the Selden Manufacturing Company, makers of garden and lawn furniture, had placed sixty additional men at work.

"The president of this outfit, Howard Gardner, assures the

Legion of his utmost co-operation," Mr. Rowton said. "This is my town, and sixty men to work means one hell of a lot in a small town. This is steady employment, too."

Enthusiasm like Mr. Rowton's was widespread. Lancaster, Pennsylvania, wired that its tobacco warehouses had opened with jobs for from 500 to 1000, and eighty-six men had been placed in other industries. Troy, Kansas, reported ten men back to work, and Cambridge, Maryland, said it had placed sixty-six. From Wisconsin, Walter Lahey, Commander of Two Rivers Post, telegraphed that forty men and women had been given jobs after a whirlwind "Man-A-Block" campaign. Other posts which wired returns in the earliest hour included: Cutbank, Montana, 45; Richland Center, Wisconsin, 60; Blossberg, Pennsylvania, 20; Boyd, Wisconsin, 12; Concord, Massachusetts, 10; Norwich, New York, 44; and Clinton, Oklahoma, 10.

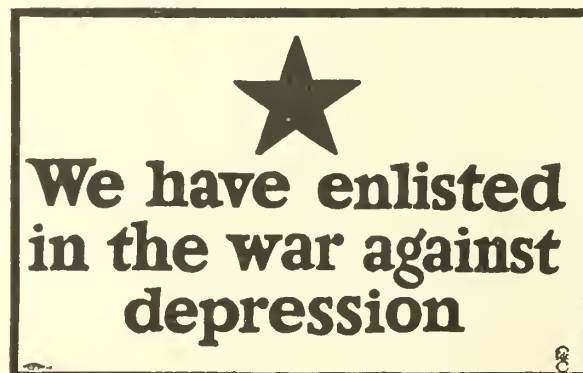
These first-hour totals, proof that posts everywhere were in action, were soon buried deep under stacks of telegrams which came flooding in from every State. Adding machines and a corps of typists went to work tabulating the returns and preparing announcements for distributing to the newspapers and radio stations. The work of counting the returns has been proceeding under forced draft ever since. It is past midnight when lights are turned out each night.

Just after the zero hour came a telegram from General John J. Pershing. "I am delighted to know of the plan sponsored by The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary, the American Federation of Labor and the Association of National Advertisers, to secure employment for one million wage earners," General Pershing wired. "I am confident that American Legion members will show in this battle against unemployment and depression the same spirit that marked their World War service, and by the co-operation with the great civilian organizations much can be accomplished."

A telegram from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, addressed to National Commander Stevens, was proof that posts are animated by the spirit that General Pershing spoke of. The telegram read:

"Atley H. Cook Post gladly re-dedicates itself for service to our country in the present national emergency. When the zero hour arrived we went over the top as we did in 1917."

One of the most powerful factors in American industry came into the fight when the presidents of eighteen of the principal railroads enlisted with us for the duration of the War Against Depression. Each road assigned an official to devote his time to helping us attain our objectives in the territory traversed by its lines, and we hope this example of unselfish co-operation will be followed by other great industrial (Continued on page 41)



One million stars like this are being placed in the windows of America's homes, factories and stores, each one the symbol of a jobless man put back to work





LETTING THEM INTO  
THE SUNLIGHT

Cartoon by John Cassel

APRIL, 1932



# PLANS *that Make* JOBS

THE American Legion Monthly's Competition for employment ideas by posts of the Legion—ideas that will work and are capable of being used all over the United States—will come to a close on April 20th.

Posts which have not already entered the contest and wish to do so may send in an outline in 300 words of the plan which they are using, together with supporting evidence, but no plan or supporting data will be eligible for the competition unless received before midnight of April 20th. All those posts which entered the competition up to March first have been notified by mail of its closing date so that they may have ample time in which to submit further data concerning their respective plans. The name of the winner of the bronze sculpture designed by Robert Aitken, which is to be awarded the post submitting the best plan for employment relief, will be announced in the July issue of the Monthly.

Whether or not a post's plan is printed in the Monthly,

it will be given the same consideration by the judges of the competition as any other post's plan. All of the ideas submitted thus far in the competition have been placed at the disposal of the National Employment Commission of The American Legion, which is seeking to integrate the employment activities of the Legion's 10,600 posts with efforts being put forward by other agencies in the various communities and States. Rules of the contest are given on page 72. As in preceding instalments of employment ideas, no significance is to be attached to the order in which the following plans are presented.

#### COACHER POST

*Mitchell, South Dakota*

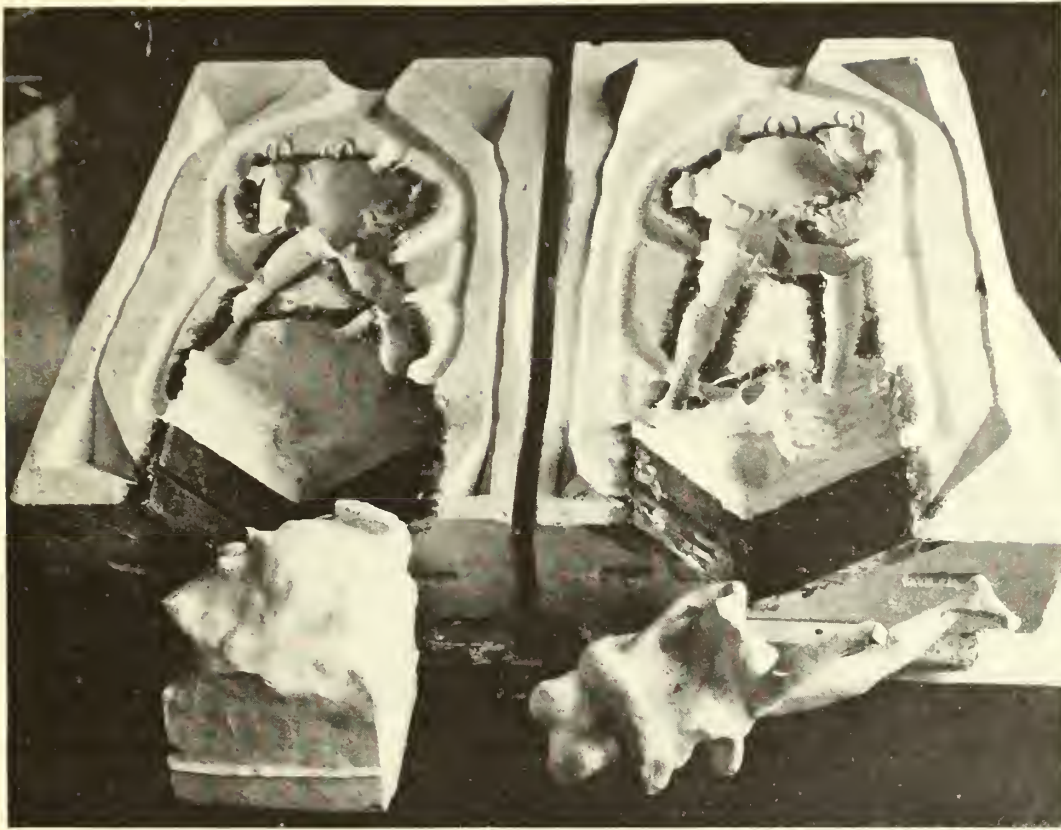
THE question of fuel in our community as well as in most communities is of vital importance. We found many groves

of dead timber, within a radius of a few miles of our municipality, that could be utilized as fuel if cut down, and aside from creating work for the needy, it would beautify the communities by clearing these trees out. We purchased these groves at a dollar a ton, or gave the property-owner the choice of having a tree planted for



Early stages of the mould for the Robert Aitken bronze sculpture which will be given the winning post in The American Legion Monthly's Employment Competition. The work of casting is now going forward in the plant of the Gorham Company in Providence, Rhode Island





Almost ready for casting. An intermediate stage of construction of the mould for the Aitken bronze

every dead one cut down. In this way we secured a great deal of standing timber.

Local firms donated the use of a tractor, power-saw, and even trucks for delivery. These would be rented at a nominal cost no doubt in communities where one would not be fortunate enough to have them loaned free of charge, but all our equipment was free and we were to keep it in repair. The only expense incurred was in payment for the gasoline and oil to run the tractor and the trucks.

The wood is cut down and split in fourteen-inch lengths and we have been selling ours at five dollars per ton. This would vary in different localities, no doubt. The loads are weighed at a local service-station where we purchase the gasoline, thereby no charge is made for weighing.

Our local newspaper gave us a good write-up on our project, and the delivery trucks carry an advertisement, and our members solicit orders. So far, we have not been able to keep up with the orders coming in. After the expense of operating is taken out, the entire proceeds go to the men working. The men have averaged \$2.50 a day, and the project has been self-supporting in every sense.

The men now own their own saws, wedges, axes, power-belt, etc., paid for from the proceeds of the sales. They have finished one grove, burning all brush, thereby enhancing the beauty of the property.

BERT CARPENTER POST  
*Iron Mountain, Michigan*

WE HOPE our proposition will be of interest to some other post.

We borrowed \$300 at seven percent to buy eighty acres of land about seven miles from the best village in the U. S. A. There are 1500 cords of wood to be sold to homes or to anyone who wants wood to burn. We employed ex-service men first and the proposition proved so successful that we included anyone who needed work, until we have fifty men on the pay-roll.

We pay \$1.75 per cord for cutting, fifty cents for hauling it to the main road to be loaded on the trucks, \$1.50 per cord to haul it to The American Legion club rooms, seventy-five cents for stumpage and \$1.00 for other expense, which leaves us fifty cents

per cord for a profit or loss. We also give some away to widows who cannot afford to buy it.

SULLIVAN POST  
*Green Bay, Wisconsin*

THE local unemployment situation was becoming acute. The relief had to be a simple expedient, easily executed, easy to popularize, not expensive to anyone, productive of immediate results and of lasting results, and must be put over, we felt, in a spectacular method to attain community-wide support.

The city, some 500 square blocks, was mapped out, and a regular military organization made. A Legionnaire was assigned to every two blocks; a captain to every street. Eight o'clock of a Monday night was the zero hour. The Legion was to go over the top again, for the needy. At that exact hour every whistle, bell, siren in town broke loose in a two-minute signal that the Legion was coming—soliciting two hours of work per week for some needy fellow townsman. The plan had been well sold in advance by publicity. The man was to go each day to the block which hired him and put in his eight hours in that block, shoveling snow, emptying ashes, repairing about the house, tending babies, furnaces and dogs, washing windows, beating rugs, all easy enough odd jobs. The rate everywhere was forty cents per hour. The opportunity everywhere was to buy two hours a week for the duration. Each Legionnaire had one man to place. That meant forty-eight hours to sell. When he had the forty-eight hours sold, he was to report, and the man was to be assigned. It was a triumph of organization of course, but can be duplicated anywhere in America. Two hours after the drive began 135 men had been placed. Day came and these men were at work. Approximately 100 other men have been added by later returns. The homeowners are well pleased; the men are happy.

HARVEY R. COLE POST  
*Atascadero, California*

A GENERAL committee was formed representing all local organizations, including churches, with executive committee of five to handle all relief work and unemployment. All relief cases are referred to executive

(Continued on page 70)



# BUILDING *as* USUAL

New Post Clubhouses  
Appear With the Dandelions and Robins as the  
Legion Welcomes Spring

THE steam roller of depression has missed a spot here and there, and as proof we offer Exhibits A, B and C on this page and the next one, a few of the many photographs of new American Legion clubhouses which have been coming to the Monthly in undiminished numbers since the country entered its period of travail. Two hard years lie behind and there have been so many false starts on the road back to normal conditions that prophets with basedrums are mighty rare now, but we diffidently venture the belief that many posts have been making for themselves in recent months some good bargains in real estate.

It would seem that almost every post not already owning a home of its own had been saving up money to acquire one before the great national parachute act started. A lot of these posts actually had begun their operations before the bottom dropped out of things. Others had enough money in hand to warrant going ahead with plans after the depression began. These posts

hence, it will include prominently the story of the Legion's contribution to architecture in the United States in the post-war period. Since 1919, posts large and small in every State have been building clubhouses or community buildings. These structures have inspired pride in the towns and cities in which they stand. They have combined good design and substantial construction, and they rank as community monuments or landmarks along with postoffices erected by Uncle Sam, public libraries and the homes of long-established and wealthy fraternal organizations.

Most posts have chosen designs in keeping with the distinctive architecture of their own sections of the country. In California and Florida and through much of the Southwest, clubhouses in the Spanish Mission style predominate. New England posts have built clubhouses of the Georgian or early New England period. In the Middle West and the far Northwest are many Legion buildings of logs or native stone, all of them admirable in design.



A LEGION  
HOME  
IN DIXIE

This clubhouse of Southern Colonial architecture is the home of Valdosta (Georgia) Post. It is a good example of the Legion clubhouses which are rising throughout the South

have acquired homes at costs much less than would have been possible several years ago and they have provided urgently needed employment for their own members and others in their communities. The dollars spent on their enterprises, put into circulation as wages and payments for materials, have been sustaining forces in the towns in which they were spent.

Now, with indications that lots have reached lowest levels, that materials of all sorts are at the bottom and that new wage scales have been adopted in the building trades; with the general feeling that an upturn in financial and business conditions has begun or is coming soon, it looks as if this spring would see Legion clubhouse builders as active as ever before.

When the Legion's history comes to be written many years

In all sections are found pretentious clubhouses of distinctive design which were built in early periods, acquired and remodeled by posts. Prominent among these are the old family mansions, bought by posts at bargain prices after changing methods of home construction and the passing of families had placed them on the market. Everywhere too are found Legion buildings of the business block type, with shops and offices on lower floors and Legion clubrooms on upper floors. Equally numerous are the community center buildings, usually financed and built by Legion posts but containing public auditoriums and quarters for other organizations.

The Monthly has published many photographs of these varied types of Legion homes, and it has been building up an impressive





## IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS

This new clubhouse of Community Post in Culver City, California, is typical of the homes of Spanish Mission architecture being erected in many States

collection of similar photographs which it has not been able to publish. Eventually these will constitute one of the most prized exhibits in the National Historian's archives, and at present it is being used for many purposes.

One of the photographs reproduced herewith shows the clubhouse of Robert Edwards Post at Pulaski, New York, which was once the home of one of the town's leading families. William A. Prescott, Post Adjutant, reports that the post paid for it only \$4,500. For necessary remodeling, each post member was asked to pledge cash, labor or equipment. Cash contributions ran from \$5 to \$250. Thirty members donated their labor. One member gave a radio, another lighting fixtures and a third did all electric wiring without charging for time or material. A Legionnaire paint dealer donated all paint. The Auxiliary furnished the kitchen completely and bought other furniture. A disabled veteran, unemployed, worked many months as his contribution. Townfolk also gave unsolicited donations of cash and equipment. The most unusual feature of the whole enterprise, however, was the way in which a heating plant was provided. The post bought a hot water boiler and twenty-six radiators from a building wrecker and worked a whole day transporting the plant to the new home. Later all the members put on overalls and installed the boiler, radiators and piping, a sizable job and one whose cost would have been prohibitive if paid for at usual rates.

A look at the photograph of the Memorial Home of Valdosta (Georgia) Post, which is reproduced herewith, will explain why Post Commander J. P. Kelly and other members of the outfit take unusual pride in it. It cost more than \$15,000 and, because the post had been saving and planning for many years, it had been completely paid for before it was dedicated on last Armistice Day. One of the finest Legion homes in the South, it is an example of one type of building being erected throughout the country by posts which have been working and saving while occupying temporary quarters. The clubhouse of Community Post, Culver, California, also shown, is another good example of the present trend in post buildings.

In St. Matthews, South Carolina, Calhoun County Post recently demonstrated what a small post in a small community can accomplish despite obstacles. The post viewed the depression as a challenge, writes W. R. Symes, and in the course of a single day one hundred Legionnaires and citizen

**Robert Edwards Post of Pulaski, New York, got a great bargain when it bought this old family mansion and remodeled it as its clubhouse**

volunteer workers erected a hut fifty feet long and thirty feet wide with its central feature a huge rock fireplace in which may be burned five-foot logs. The hut stands in the middle of a twelve-acre public park on the brow of a hill and looks over a meadow through which runs a small stream. A sunken garden, with walks, lily pool and a swimming pool will be completed later, reports Post Commander Arthur W. Ayers.

Argonne Post of Steubenville, Ohio, is proud of its new home, the Jefferson County War Memorial Building, which was erected at a cost of \$75,000 and provides quarters for all veterans' organizations of the city. The money for the building was the unused portion of a fund contributed by citizens during the war, and its expenditure in 1931 brought employment to many men. Only workmen living in the county were employed, and all materials were purchased from county firms.

## *For National Defense*

EARLY in February when Congress was considering proposals for the reduction of the Army by 2,000 officers and 8,000 enlisted men and the further weakening of the Navy, the National Defense Committee of The American Legion issued a statement







Here are the six squirrel-shooting Lewis brothers of Houston County Post, Erin, Tennessee, who want to book a rifle match with any other team of brothers in the Legion. A seventh brother died in Belgium. Four other brothers were waiting to go to camp when the war ended

at Washington declaring that efforts are being made "to make our nation a helpless physical bankrupt." Calling attention to the fact that world conditions prove how dangerous Army and Navy reductions would be at this time, the committee asked Congress to add 40,000 enlisted men and 2,000 officers to the Army and bring the Navy up to the strength authorized by the London Naval Treaty.

The committee also opposed any reduction in appropriations for the National Guard, the R. O. T. C., C. M. T. C. and the Organized Reserve, and urged that the National Defense Act of 1920 be kept fully effective. It recommended that National Headquarters of the Legion purchase from the Government Printing Office for distribution 50,000 copies of the bulletin, "The Educational Value of Military Instruction in Schools and Colleges." It recommended also that Legionnaires in each State ascertain the attitude of their Congressmen on national defense.

The members of the committee who signed the statement were: Wayne Davis of Texas, chairman; C. E. McCullough of Illinois, William P. MacCracken, Jr., of Washington, D. C.; Charles B. Robbins of Iowa, Charles W. Schick of Illinois, Amos A. Fries of Washington, Lester McCoy of Kansas and Harry C. Jackson of Connecticut.

Shortly after the committee issued its report, The American Legion sponsored a national defense radio broadcast, in which United States Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania, a Legionnaire, presented figures proving that the United States is relatively far below the military strength of all other important nations. United

States Senator Hale of Maine, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate, maintained that this country has dangerously weakened its naval strength.

### *Fighting Brothers*

PERHAPS the reason the war ended when it did was that Field Marshal Von Hindenburg had heard that four more Lewis brothers of Erin, Tennessee, were packing up ready to go to training camp. Had the war lasted, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert L. Lewis of Erin would have had eleven sons in the uniform of Uncle Sam.

Houston County Post of Erin wonders whether any other post can beat its record of having as members, six of the seven Lewis brothers who did serve in the World War. When the Post Adjutant, calling the roll, reaches the name of Lewis, he reads: "Horace L., Luther A., Dallas R., Walter E., William L., and Charles E." The seventh, Lonnie M. Lewis, was killed in action in Belgium. Five of the brothers served in Company L, 119th Infantry, 30th Division.

All six of the Legionnaires of Houston County Post are farmers. They belong to the oldest stock of their section of Tennessee and, like Alvin M. York, were raised true to the squirrel-hunting traditions of marksmanship. Their post believes it would be hard to find six better shots in any other post. It is willing to back them in a match with regulation army rifles against any other team of six brothers if it can be found in The American Legion.

### *Post Pilgrimage to France*

TO GEORGE H. MEALY Post of Cohasset, Massachusetts, belongs the honor of being the first post of The American Legion to make a pilgrimage to France to pay a tribute to the soldiers of its town who lie buried in a French cemetery. Dr. Howard S. Reid reports that when thirty-five members of the post's band, headed by Post Commander Nathan M. Hurwitz, journeyed overseas several months ago they took part in a series





of ceremonies which created a profound impression in France.

The pilgrimage was made possible as a recognition of the service rendered by the band in playing weekly at concerts and lawn parties. The delegation carried wreaths to be placed upon the graves of Corporal Lawrence B. Williams and Sergeant George H. Mealy, 26th Division soldiers, buried in Belleau Wood Cemetery. The Post Commander carried a message from Mayor James M. Curley of Boston to Marshal Pétain.

The ceremony at Belleau Wood Cemetery was marked by impressiveness and beauty. As the wreaths were placed, a prayer was offered by the chaplain of Paris Post and the band played hymns. Most of the bandsmen had been boyhood friends of the men whose graves were decorated.

Paris took note of the visitors, who wore uniforms of blue and red. There was a concert for one hundred blind French veterans at the Phare de France, a ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a reception at which Marshal Pétain greeted the Legionnaires cordially and a concert at The American Legion Memorial Building, home of Paris Post. A record-breaking crowd saw the ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, which took place after the band marched with muffled drums up the Champs Elysées accompanied by an escort of gendarmes on bicycles.

The pilgrims traveled to France on the *Leviathan* and returned on the *President Harding*.

### Home Town Patriotism

HOME town patriotism was put to the test in Alexandria, Indiana, when depositors in the town's banks began to withdraw their money due to mistrust caused by the suspension of banks in neighboring cities. One Alexandria bank, unable to meet the concerted demands of its depositors, closed its doors at 2:30 p. m. on a Saturday afternoon. Another bank faced the probability that Monday morning would see an even harder test of its resources. Much exaggerated information was circulating.

**The coffee and sandwich detail of Callahan-Kelly Post in Brooklyn, New York, lightened hours of waiting in line for unemployed men who were seeking three-days-a-week jobs at a city emergency relief bureau**

On Sunday Legionnaires of Alexander Bright Post and other citizens attended a mass meeting to discuss means of helping the embarrassed institutions. As one result of the meeting, Legionnaires circulated petitions calling upon the bank to limit withdrawals. The Legionnaires also distributed a special edition of a newspaper which presented facts and figures intended to restore public confidence.

The bank opened as usual on Monday morning and continued doing a successful business. Several weeks later at a special meeting the post voted to circulate petitions among the depositors of the bank which had closed. These petitions requested the State Banking Department to grant a charter to a new bank and that the new bank be permitted to liquidate the old. Thirty Legionnaires drove far and wide to obtain signatures to the petitions. Ninety percent of the depositors signed. Most of the remaining ones could not be located.

"The citizens of our town agree that the post did its finest piece of work for the community by aiding the banks, saving the depositors and placing our community on a sound financial basis," reports Legionnaire T. D. Hall.

### Washington's First Battle

THE observance of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington in 1932 has inspired the Pennsylvania Department of The American Legion to reconstruct Fort Necessity nine miles from Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Here on July 3, 1754, Washington fought his first battle, which marked the beginning of the French and Indian War on this continent and the Seven Years' War in Europe.

(Continued on page 64)





ONCE NOBODY WANTED TO WRITE OR TALK OR READ  
ABOUT THIS SUBJECT, BUT TODAY YOU CAN FIND OUT

# WHEN *to* SEE *Your* DOCTOR

*by Philip B. Matz, M.D.*

THE world gained a new frankness from the last war. Many taboos disappeared and men came to talk without reserve or restraint of things which earlier generations believed belonged only in medical clinics or physicians' consulting rooms. Prudery and euphemism faded before the actualities of life as lived in the four brutal and harrowing years between 1914 and 1918. When the war ended, the signs of the

new frankness were evident in the flapper's unabashed discussion of things never mentioned when grandmother was a girl. They were evident also in the unreserved discussion of diseases which in grandfather's day were considered beyond thought and mention. The time had passed when a mere reference to such a rare disease as leprosy would shock all listeners, when the printing of the names of the social diseases would bring down upon an editor's head letters of condemnation.

Physicians now discuss in print for general reading a disease whose very name once was polarized with horror, whose victims in a less happy age were regarded as disgraced, for a more tolerant society has abandoned the ostrich-like attitude which prevented people generally from learning the truth about cancer. In presenting here a resumé of the latest knowledge of this disease, what I have to say is for the most part hopeful and may be the means of clearing up unhappy apprehensions among men and women who still preserve something of the old attitude toward this disease.

Any physician will tell you that the ungrounded fear of cancer has caused almost as much suffering as the disease itself. For every victim of the disease there are a dozen persons who have imagined themselves afflicted and have known torture of mind and imagination.

The physician's view of cancer now centers largely on prevention, early diagnosis, and early treatment. He strives to make generally known the fact that there are precautions by which you can lessen your chance of developing the malady, and the fact also that the disease in its earliest stage is recognizable and can usually be cured. He strives also to combat the old fatalistic attitude which led persons suffering from conditions suggesting the disease to deny the existence of the conditions and postpone seeking competent medical advice.

I do not want to alarm anybody and I am not going to burden this article with a description of symptoms which by the power of suggestion would sow fear in peaceful minds. The main reason for this article is the fact that World War veterans are now for the most part in that period of life when cancer occurs with most frequency. It is a disease which commonly manifests itself after the age of forty.

I have before me, (Continued on page 46)



PHOTOGRAPH BY N. LAZARNICK



# GANGWAY *for the* COAL RUN!



An Unarmed Armed Guard  
Got Its Thrills in Prosaic Ex-  
cursions from Wales to France

NOW that we've got them started, evidently there is only one way to stop the gobs—provided the ex-doughboys, ex-marines, ex-nurses, et al, are getting fed up on this salty stuff. That is, for the latter to bombard us with really good, unusual, interesting and amusing snapshots of their particular endeavors during the war, with worthwhile supporting accounts. Ex-Boatswain Mate, 1st Class, R. D. Miller of Genoa City, Wisconsin, rated recognition this time because of the picture shown below and the story which follows:

"Have one I want to ask. While serving on the queen of the seas (?), a collier, the U. S. S. *Nero*, running at six knots between Cardiff, Wales, and French ports, with coal and dust, we had a peculiar experience.

"At the head end of a convoy out of Brest, bound for St. Nazaire and points south, we were well clear of any reefs or shallow water when Abie, the look-out yells, 'Here she comes!' There was the old path of white headed for our amidships, when

about one hundred feet from us it exploded. But why? Did the torpedo hit a large fish?

"Abie yells, 'Here comes another!'—and incidentally came down the back stay. This one passed just under our stern and hit a Swedish ship, the *Fanny*, just a few feet off our starboard beam and sank her in two minutes.

"Also, who recalls the wild night in a hell of a blow in the Bay of Biscay when the pay clerk, standing deck watch, rolled up against the button used for Abandon Ship alarm, and how that gang came from below, cutting life boat lashings and getting wet aplenty?

"Personally, I've always wanted to see a crew that could put a boat into the water with a sea like that, but I didn't see it that night. Instead, they sent down from the bridge wanting to learn what all the excitement was about, as the said pay clerk did not know what he had done.

"Enclosed is a picture of a gun with which we went through the war. It was made in the Azores by a chief carpenter's mate, U. S. N. R., out of four planks nailed together and rounded out. But we stood watches on this dummy gun, armed with potatoes to heave at anything within throwing distance.

"The *Nero* was the first ship to go into the British coal trade and about the last to leave. That reminds me: Who recalls when we first went over, that we found no American bases and were put under the English ration department? And that burlap sack of ox tails they gave us every day? I still love ox tails—baked, stewed, roasted, burned, souped and cussed!

"Would like to hear from old shipmates of the U. S. S. *Maryland* (later called the *Frederick*), *Buffalo*, *Nero*, *Imperator* and *West Coast* on all of which I served or had friends. So many ships' crews



The crew of the dummy gun aboard the U. S. S. *Nero*, "armed with potatoes to heave at the enemy," as ex-gob R. D. Miller explains





The "Come an' git it!" crew of two of the mess shacks in Vancouver Barracks, Washington—clearing station for the men who answered the cry of **TIMBER** in the Spruce Division

are now announcing proposed reunions that I feel perhaps sometime the old *Nero* gang may be able to get together."

**O**CCASIONALLY requests for assistance in getting facts regarding the death in action of some of our soldiers are still received. Splendid co-operation has been given heretofore and we expect similar results in these two cases:

William T. Roe, captain, First Infantry, Maryland National Guard, of Centreville, Maryland, writes: "My first sergeant, Charles E. Anthony, of this city and his family would like to hear from anyone who was with his brother, Private William Donald Anthony, Company I, Sixth Regiment of Marines, at the time the latter was killed in action on the Marne, June 5 or 6, 1918. The family has never been able to locate anyone who could give information regarding this man's death."

The request from L. Clifford Praeger of 2612 East Hoffman Street, Baltimore, Maryland, follows: "I would like statements from comrades of Private Arem Raymond Engle of Company G, 313th Infantry, 79th Division, under Colonel Claude Swezey, who saw or know how Private Engle was killed, and where. This information is to be placed with Engle's picture in the memorial room of Montfaucon Post, The American Legion, Department of Maryland."

**P**ROBABLY high in the list of the men and officers who were most cursed—and, in some instances, praised—we can place mess sergeants and cooks. Chow, inevitably, was a most important item of discussion among all members of the gang. Modesty, evidently, didn't cloud the brows of some of the culinary experts or near-experts, from the story sent with the picture on this page, by a



Legionnaire of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. But, go ahead, Paul Bennett, and make your speech to the Gang:

"Noticing in an old issue of the Monthly—that of June, 1930, an article about the Spruce Division, or S. P. D., B. A. P. [correctly interpreted in that issue as the Spruce Production Division, Bureau of Aircraft Production], I am sending along a picture of the cooks and mess sergeants of the first two cook shacks in which I worked up in the Pacific Northwest.

"I happened to be sent to that division also, and even though I didn't go into the timber, I had a very interesting time. Having been sent to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, from Chicago as a cook, I was in camp only two days when I went to the outdoor mess shacks for duty and at the first shack we fed 375 men. From there I was transferred to a large cook shack where at every meal we served over a thousand men and we cooks had to use boats to get around in the kettles to stir the stew. Men were clearing through the camp in a steady stream for work in the timber.

"From the large shack, we went to the 11th Casual Company in a wooden barracks and there had more cooking facilities to work with. I often wonder if the men of the Spruce Division really appreciated the good eats they were served. I'd like to wager eighty percent of them hadn't any better chow in their own homes."

**"M**Y FINAL transfer before being sent home was to Portland, Oregon, to the barracks of the general headquarters and we fed about 400 men there. No doubt many of them would like to have some of the eats of war days back at 18th and Jefferson Streets, in the old hotel barracks," continues the letter from Bennett.

"Since Portland is the next stop for the



Legion national convention, I know many of the old gang of Sprucers will be willing visitors to the Northwest, the Columbia River Highway and other beauty spots. I'd like to hear from any of my old buddies either of Vancouver or Portland."

**P**OST Adjutant S. McCann of Flushing (Ohio) Post of the Legion contributes the picture of the open-air barber shop displayed hereon. Here is his accompanying story:

"The enclosed picture was taken in Nesles Woods near Feren-Tardenois, France. The man in the background to the left is Sergeant Robinson, Company D, 318th Engineers, while the barber standing at the chair is Joe Stranges, an active member of our post. Stranges tells me that he has forgotten the name of the man in the chair but would like to hear from him and also from Robinson, with whom he served on four fronts.

"After the barber shop had moved with the outfit, the particular location pictured was blown to bits by a shell. Ex-barber Stranges claims he cut many a man's hair while under continuous shell fire and wonders how many got out of his chair with half-done jobs. Complainants may form a line on the right to register their kicks with Joe."

**A**N INTERESTING incident of the war, brought to our attention some months ago by Legionnaire Archie D. Gray, at that time mayor of Ennis, Texas, regretfully had to be withheld from our readers until now. Let us hope Gray's recital of it will bring wanted results:

"About four o'clock on the afternoon of September 12, 1918, during the St. Mihiel drive, after we had advanced quite a distance from our jump-off line, some French tanks passed and the drivers informed us that about a mile back wounded American soldiers were lying in some trenches. Near where we had dug in was a first-aid station, but its personnel was so busy it was impossible to dispatch stretcher-bearers for these wounded.

"Six of us obtained three stretchers and after reaching the place indicated by the driver of the tank, found three soldiers,

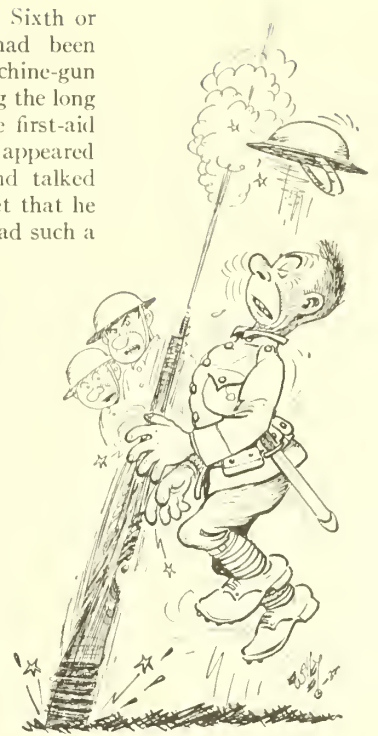
the companies of either the Sixth or Eleventh Infantry. He had been severely wounded by machine-gun fire and was in a coma during the long tedious journey back to the first-aid station. Once or twice he appeared to be entirely conscious and talked with us, expressing his regret that he was so heavy and that we had such a burden.

"I have often thought of this man, as his fortitude, consideration and patience made a deep impression upon my mind. I am certain he was in great pain during this trip, and have often wondered if he survived his wounds and is living today.

"While I do not recall the name of the man who helped me carry the officer, we were both members of the Ninth Field Signal Battalion. I should like very much to get in touch with the officer and with the man who assisted me."

**W**HERE is Charlie Hall? If he or his friends read this, there is some interesting information awaiting him. We'll let H. C. Treiber of 2986 Marion Avenue, New York City, tell the story, and then add a few remarks ourselves, after he finishes:

"When I was in Germany in 1930, I met a man by the name of Albert Gramenz, a German war veteran, who was taken prisoner by the American forces and spent some time at Camp Montoir. There he made the acquaintance of an American soldier named



Nesles Woods, France, was the location of this classy, camouflaged al fresco barber shop of the 318th Engineers. The operator is Joe Stranges, barber of Company D, the onlooker (left rear) is Sergeant Robinson, but the patient's name has been forgotten

badly wounded, lying in mud and water in the bottom of the trench. After much effort we succeeded in hoisting the men upon the parapet and started back to the first-aid station which was about a mile in advance of where we had found them.

"The man I helped carry was a second lieutenant from one of

Charlie Hall with whom he would like very much to get in touch.

"Efforts to locate Mr. Hall through the Secretary of War brought a questionnaire, which I translated and sent to Albert Gramenz, but he was unable to answer any of the questions. Just recently, I mentioned this case to a friend who is a Legion man and he suggested I lay the matter before you."



We took up this problem with The Adjutant General's Office and met with more success. From that source we learned that one Charlie G. Hall, Army Serial No. 3,816,032, served as a private 1st class with Prisoner of War Escort Company No. 209, which organization was stationed at Camp Montoir in December of 1918, and through part of 1919. The latest address available for Hall was given as 507 Third Street, Lawton, Oklahoma, but, unfortunately, a letter sent him there came back unclaimed. Now all we can hope is that Hall or someone in communication with him will respond.

MANY of us who detoured through England on our way to France remember the cards containing a printed message of greeting from King George V that were handed to us shortly after leaving our transports. But how many received this message or a similar greeting by wireless before their transports put into port? That is the question asked by Legionnaire William Fry of Route 3, Woodburn, Oregon, in this letter to us:

"Is there any way I can get a copy of the message that King George of England sent to us of the 162d Infantry (Oregon National Guard) before we landed in Liverpool on Christmas Day, 1917?

"Our transport was the British ship, *Tuscania*, which on its very next trip to Europe was torpedoed off the Irish coast on February 5, 1918. The message was sent to the transport by wireless and was read to the troops aboard at an entertainment that was given on the ship while we were still at sea. I would like to get a copy of that message if anyone recalls it."

VETERANS who retain their interest in the who-won-the-war discussion—and we feel that there are plenty of them—will want to know about and to contribute to several historical books about which Sedley Peck, Commander of the Department of France, The American Legion, tells us in this letter:

"Jacques Pericard, French war hero, editor, writer, and president of the La Flamme Association (which has charge of the light at the tomb of the French Unknown Soldier), has had great success in compiling his book on Verdun, and now plans to publish three additional books, covering Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne operations of the A. E. F. His central idea is to give to the French people a proper idea of the American participation in the World War and its meaning.

"His method is to start with all of the official documents—such as units involved, guns and men captured and lost, ground gained or lost, official orders and communiques, but to augment these facts with two big features: First, photographs of the same thing, such as the Fismes Bridge, before the war, then in ruins, and as it appears today, featuring American battle work, American philanthropy in reconstruction in France; and second, to obtain first-hand accounts from the men who were in the battles, poignant moments, thrilling or agonizing sights or efforts, orders not received, not read, and so on, with the results. This is the system Pericard used in his Verdun book and he has an amazing aspect of the war which has not been used before. The books will be published in French and English.

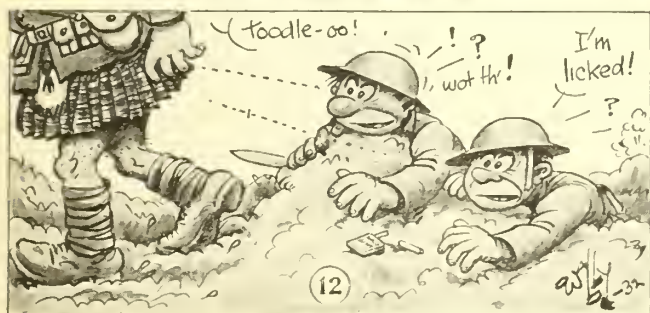
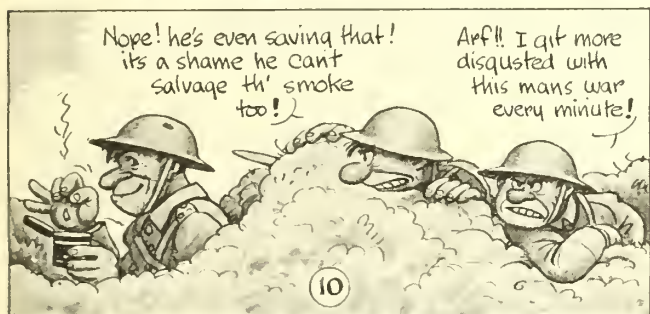
"I want to ask that you announce the books and request any American soldiers who had unusual experiences and are willing to contribute them, to further the idea of explaining the American effort in France, or who have striking private photographs, to send them to me in care of The American Legion Building, 40, Rue Pierre Charron, Paris, France."

PHILATELY. There's a high-sounding word which designates quite an enjoyable spare time occupation or hobby. It is plain stamp collecting to us, but it means a lot to some people—particularly many who are bedridden or otherwise incapacitated, and among them are some of the disabled comrades of the war.

About five years ago, we broadcast the appeal of one of our comrades of an older war—John R. Crawford, a seventy-five-year-old veteran of the Spanish-American War and Philippine Insurrection, who was living in the National Soldiers Home, Virginia. That request for stamps flooded the old gentleman with contributions from Legionnaires. A year later, in 1928, a similar







plea of Legionnaire M. A. Snyder of Hermosa Beach, California, produced equally good results.

We have received a suggestion or two that we start a stamp exchange—but time and facilities prevent us from going that far. We shall undertake, however, to act as sort of a clearing-house for the names and addresses of collectors—veterans or others—provided they write to us.

And here's another request—this one from Robert R. Safarid, 71-47 Manse Street, Forest Hills, Long Island, New York, who served with Company G, 18th Infantry, First Division, was wounded and gassed during 1918, and is now a permanently, totally disabled comrade. He says, "Having a tremendous lot of time on my hands while taking the cure here at home, I decided

## WATCHFUL WAITING

*A twelve-part drama of Kilties and Cigarettes*

By Wallgren

to keep my mind occupied by starting a canceled stamp collection—particularly war stamps and war covers. Any assistance you may give me will be gratefully appreciated."

We know full well that the members of the Then and Now Gang will produce.

THROUGH G. B. Dubois, Associate Editor of *The Watch on the Rhine*, official publication of the Third Division Society, we received this letter from Raymond J. Robertson of Rockford, Minnesota:

"I was captured by the Germans in the Argonne on the night of October 7, 1918, while delivering a message from battalion to regimental headquarters of my outfit of the Third Division, about two or three miles beyond Montfaucon, France.

"Another man, from either the First or Second Division, also carrying a message, was captured the same night. I think this other man's home was in Evansville or Vincennes, Indiana, but I've forgotten his name. I have always wondered if he returned home.

"The evening after our capture, we slept in a barn with some horses. The next morning we walked down the road, our guard being on horseback. We met two German officers in a big car and they turned around and took us the remainder of the trip. I was with him two or three days, when the Germans discovered an unmailed letter in which he had referred to the Germans as 'Huns,' and they immediately started to treat him rather roughly. Finally they separated us and I have always wondered if that other prisoner ever got back home."

TO commemorate "the effort and sacrifices made by the men and women of the Empire, and at the same time to provide a record for historical students of this period of national history," the Imperial War Museum was established in the South Kensington section of London, England, by an act of Parliament in 1920.

The collection consists of war material, including military and naval equipment, records of notable actions, models of camouflage, trench warfare, women's war work and so on; a gallery containing a collection of drawings, paintings, lithographs, etc., illustrating every phase of the war; a comprehensive file of war photographs, including many from American, German and private sources, and the library consisting of books in all languages, autographed letters, diaries, posters, (Continued on page 66)



## Doughboy, 1932 Model

(Continued from page 6)



**Everybody's proud of the kind of men who smoke Dill's Best Tobacco. And Dill's Best smokers write us enough "fan mail" to show that they're proud of Dill's.**



Pershing caps, regimentals on blouse lapels and gold buttons adorned the new uniform. Joe wondered how some of his buddies who never lost the G. I. look in the Army would have appeared in these finer contraptions.

Meanwhile, military spectators, practically all of them in civilian clothes, were discussing other matters that arrested Joe's attention. He heard about guns that shoot further, of planes that fly higher and of tanks that move faster and with more power than those of the World War. He learned that a cavalry regiment was converting its curry combs and brushes into monkey wrenches and jacks and giving up horses for armored combat cars.

Then, there were many other changes in the Army since 1917 that Joe did not hear about that day. On April 6, 1917, the regular force consisted of 5,060 officers and 127,151 enlisted men. Of this number about 1,000 of the officers and 35,000 of the enlisted men had served in the Army less than a year. That small professional army did a remarkable job in 1917-18. It stretched itself to twenty-eight times its normal size, to four million, without breaking. Now that fifteen years have passed since April, 1917, and Joe and the other veterans have reached greater maturity, they think less of the shortcomings of the Regular Army and more of its accomplishments. Both the Allies and the enemy agreed that it had performed a "miracle" but today the Army is not depending on another miracle in case of emergency.

Though no bigger than in April, 1917, and still one of the smallest in the world, the United States Army now for the first time in its history has the framework of a citizen army capable of absorbing rapidly the military power of a whole nation.

The National Defense Act of 1920 organizes the country territorially to provide prompt and efficient machinery for the mobilization of men and supplies in an emergency. That act has changed the whole psychology of national preparedness.

It has changed the spirit of the Regular almost beyond recognition. In 1917, the small Regular Army with its long service on outpost duty, on the Indian frontier and in far flung overseas possessions had enjoyed little contact with the civilian mass of people from which modern armies now must be recruited. War has become a supreme national effort and all able-bodied men must be ready to answer the call in an emergency. Too many of the regulars had been out of touch with civilians to understand their point of view.

Between the Regular Army and the National Guard, wholesome friendly relations often had been lacking. To the National Guardsman, the Regular too often appeared as a hard-boiled martinet. To the Regular, the National Guardsman too often seemed just a militiaman, an amateur soldier, a sort of Boy Scout.

As for reserves, they hardly existed. The country in 1917 was still laughing over the banquet of the late Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts for the sixteen members of the Reserve Army of the United States, only nine of whom he could muster for the occasion.

Today a spirit of comradeship and genuine helpfulness characterizes the relations between Regulars, National Guardsmen and reserves. The Regulars have been taken out of their isolation. As instructors of the National Guard, reserves and Citizens' Military Training Camps, they are in constant touch with civilians. They live in civilian communities and take part in civilian affairs. In turn, the American public better understands the Regular. This new spirit is responsible for a well organized and well trained National Guard of 190,000 in the first echelon of defense and a reservoir of 100,000 reserve officers ready for an emergency.

Not only men but supplies are needed in war. A large proportion of the thousands of items needed for troops consists of highly technical articles not ordinarily manufactured. Factories for their production cannot spring up over night. Sometimes a single item may involve the products of many industries and they cannot be assembled at a moment's notice. During the World War, America's shopping list included about 700,000 separate items.

Today, the country is also organized for industrial mobilization. By procurement planning and industrial surveys, the Army today has a much more definite program of supply and business a better conception of military needs than either had in April, 1917.

The War Policies Commission created by the Seventy-first Congress marks another significant step in preparedness. The Commission, consisting of six Cabinet members, four Senators and four members of the House of Representatives with the Secretary of War as Chairman, is studying methods of promoting peace and of equalizing the burdens and removing the profits of war. Its report is awaited with great interest, particularly among World War veterans.

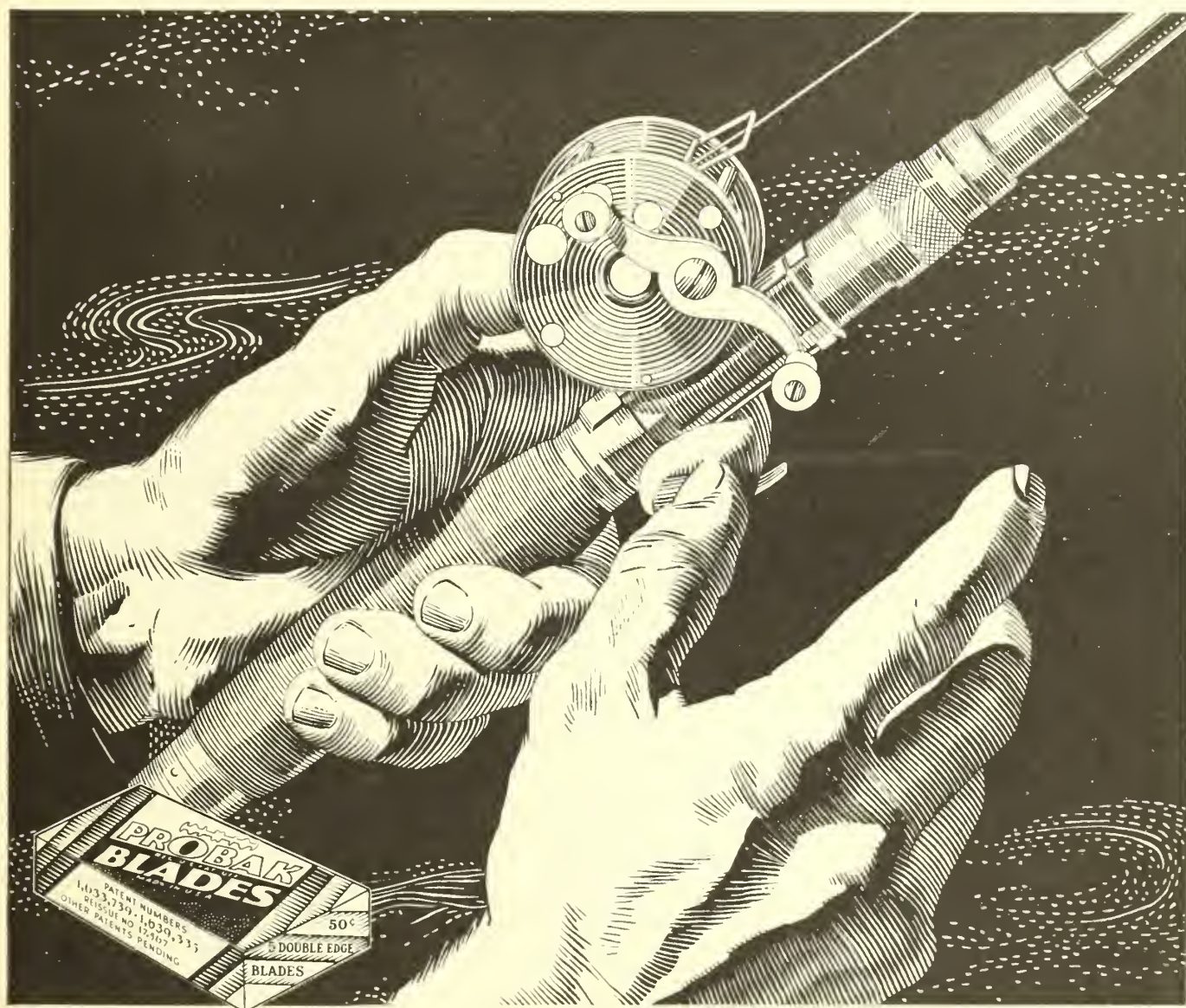
Broadening influences have permeated the whole Army and particularly West Point. Liberal arts courses have been added to the curriculum. A generous sprinkling of non-West Point graduates has been added to the faculty.

At one glance, Joe Bush can hardly take in the whole spirit of the new Army. But even the one visit to the War College has convinced him that significant changes have taken place, for as he walked out of the gate, he saw the guard hail a sergeant and remark, "Say, Sergeant, that chow of yours is getting better every day."

Imagine an A.E.F'er with a kind word for his chow and a bouquet for the mess sergeant!



# ARE YOU THIS KIND OF A MAN ?



● We're talking to you regular men, whether you're chained to a desk or work outdoors. You'd rather hear the splash of a bass than listen to the Moonlight Sonata. Your beard is tough and you find it hard to shave. The double-edge Probak blade is designed for bristles like yours. You can feel it on your face. This is why hundreds of thousands of

he-men say "Probak is a far better blade." Join the army of "regular guys" who get real shaving comfort with Probak. Buy a package on our guarantee and match a blade or two against your beard. See how it mows

down the stubble, cutting every hair cleanly at the base. Make the test tomorrow morning. If Probak doesn't measure up to your expectations—return the package with unused blades to your dealer and he'll refund the full price.

## PROBAK BLADES

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT ARE MEN



# Washington Reports Show Public Swings To Pipe Smoking

## Return to Normalcy Brings Calmness of Pipe Back to Favor

The years of the Great Boom Market tried men's nerves to the utmost. Just around every corner was to be found the pot at the end of the rainbow. These were days of excitement, liveness.

And then the bubble burst. For two and a half years now we have been dropping back to earth. Gradually men learned that *calm, steady work*, and work alone, brings prosperity. A new generation has entered business—a generation that has no illusions about sudden wealth without work.

One of the interesting side-lights on this new day is revealed in a treasury report from Washington showing a broad, steady increase in the sale of *smoking tobacco* during the past several months. In other words, a *general swing to the calmness, the soothing effects, of a good pipe and good tobacco*. The country's gradual return to normalcy has brought back to favor man's age-old dependable friend—his pipe.

There's something about a pipe that makes men contented, at ease. It seems to check wandering fancy. The pipe is a long and slow and placid smoke. It relaxes and charms. There's a lesson for all smokers in the very genuine affection every pipe smoker feels for his pipe.

If, by chance, you are still not a pipe smoker, you've no doubt often wondered whether you might not be missing something. Try it—but don't risk disappointment with a poor tobacco. Use Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco—that cool, slow-burning, sweet smoke that's blended from fine old burleys and has a natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. Edgeworth has been man's priceless friend for more than 30 years.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 111 S. 22d Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. If you get the smoking enjoyment out of it that most men do, you can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for Edgeworth quality is always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidior tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N. B. C. Blue Network every Thursday evening. They sing spirituals in the old Southern way. If you like a big chorus of men's voices, tune in.



# All Together, America!

(Continued from page 28)

leaders. The railroads co-operating are the Pennsylvania, Northwestern, Southern, Santa Fe, Burlington, Illinois Central, Chesapeake & Ohio, Pere Marquette, Missouri Pacific, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Southern Pacific, Frisco, Boston & Maine, Louisville & Nashville, New Haven, the Milwaukee Road, and the Erie.

Already the results of our campaign are apparent in more than the total of jobs found. The mere fact that this concerted, sincere movement had been undertaken brought a tremendous change in public feeling. The country went to bed on the night of February 14th, depressed, discouraged, almost apathetic—weighted down by the accumulated troubles of two years and the seeming hopelessness of months ahead. It awoke to find the spirit of Paul Revere riding through every town and city, proclaiming a new call to arms, sounding a new battle cry, rallying every citizen for the war which had just begun—the War Against Depression.

The country responded as it did in 1776 and 1917. The local committees, beginning the business-to-business, home-to-home canvasses, were received with open arms.

Employers and householders donated jobs as cheerfully as they bought Liberty Bonds in 1918. The local committees followed a plan of attack which was mailed simultaneously to every post of The American Legion early in February. This was signed by National Commander Henry L. Stevens, Jr. It read:

"Divide your community into districts or industrial units so that every employer of labor will be contacted in this campaign.

"Assign a team, with a captain and a lieutenant, to each district as you have divided it under your plan. Choose your workers not only from Legionnaires but from all other organizations and groups making up your committee.

"Be sure that assignments have been made to each team without overlapping territories. Canvass every industry and business, large and small, every store, office and factory.

"We are asking that each employer add one or more persons to his payroll, inasmuch as 999,000 other employers are being asked to do the same thing.

"Other plans will follow, but the first objective is 1,000,000 new jobs. If each committee is successful in its attack, there is no doubt of the success of the whole campaign, and 1,000,000 wage earners will be back to work in thirty days.

"Send me a prepaid night letter each night at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City, notifying me of the number of people returned to work that day through the efforts of your committee, even if only one person is returned to work in each State. The total for the entire country will be

carried in a box on the front page of hundreds of newspapers.

"Daily publicity should be given to the campaign in your city newspapers, telling the number of unemployed returned to work each day and the name of the person or persons giving the employment.

"For presentation to employers who add one or more persons to their payrolls during the campaign, Service Stars will be furnished you through your Department Headquarters. Write them how many you need.

"Be ready to move at 8 A.M., Feb. 15th."

Supplementing this Plan of Attack, National Commander Stevens and other leaders of the campaign outlined the whole effort in a radio program broadcast over a national hook-up on February 14th, the first of many similar programs.

There was mailed to every post a handbook entitled "How to Get Jobs for Your Unemployed." This contained directions not only for the canvass of industries but also for the canvassing of homes. There was also sent to all posts a booklet explaining the Rochester Plan, under which each home owner and business man is asked to pledge the expenditure of money for improving and repairing homes, factories, store buildings, and grounds. By these means, every post in The American Legion had in its possession when the campaign began plain and comprehensive information on things to be done.

To plan and direct the campaign a surprising organization was built up on a purely voluntary basis within the space of six weeks before the drive formally began. Realizing the necessity of wartime efforts in this emergency, we called in Carl Byoir, as Director of Organization. He is publisher of the Havana Post and was associate chairman of the United States Committee on Public Information during the World War. He came to us as a volunteer, contributing his services. He helped organize in three weeks a greater publicity force than it was possible to bring together in four months during the World War.

J. Cheever Cowdin, vice-president of the Bancamerica-Blair Corporation, is the treasurer for the joint campaign which is being financed almost entirely by contributions from public-spirited citizens throughout the country. This financial assistance was tendered to National Commander Stevens through a sponsors' committee consisting of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, chairman; Col. Henry Breckenridge, Assistant Secretary of War in the Wilson cabinet, and Mr. Cowdin. The earliest to enroll among the sponsors were Charles Augustus Lindbergh, E. F. Hutton and Marshall Field III. For the first time Col. Lindbergh permitted his name to be used in a national campaign.

The budget committee includes National Commander Stevens, Lee Bristol, Presi-



dent of the Association of National Advertisers, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Mrs. Louise Williams, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary.

The campaign committee includes the Executive Director, chairman; Carl Byoir, Lee H. Bristol, Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, and Mrs. A. H. Hoffman of Iowa, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion Auxiliary.

On the Public Contact Committee are Roy Dickinson, vice-president of Printers Ink Publications; Carl Byoir and the Executive Director. Divisions are headed as follows: ADVERTISING: Lee H. Bristol, president, Association of National Advertisers, and Bernard Lichtenberg; NEWS: Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of the *Minneapolis Tribune*; FILMS: Charles Spencer Hart, advertising manager of the *Elks Magazine*, who was in charge of government motion pictures during the war; LABOR: Matthew Woll; ARTISTS: Frank D. Casey, who was active in the Liberty Loan, Red Cross and Food Administration drives during the World War; FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS: Joseph T. Fanning; RADIO: J. E. D. Benedict, New York City, E. M. Hirst, Philadelphia, Allyn B. McIntyre, Boston, Ralph Leavenworth, Pittsburgh, K. Patterson, Chicago, W. Munro, Detroit, J. H. Jameson, Cleveland, C. C. Moran, Cincinnati, G. B. Geissinger, Los Angeles.

To perfect the details for the campaign, we held regional conferences in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Birmingham, Kansas City and San Francisco. These conferences not only served to acquaint industrial leaders with the program but also helped department and post officials make preparations for the drive.

Outstanding in our campaign are several principles which I want to discuss frankly here. I occasionally find someone who is sceptical as to the ability of any such effort to accomplish real or lasting results. A review of what was accomplished by civilian effort during the war ought to dispel any such feeling. And everyone should realize that if we can restore to the people of this country their normal buying power—and re-employment will accomplish that—and if at the same time we can banish fear and replace it with the will to buy, this depression will be over.

Fear has ruled the country for two years. Only by an effort such as ours can it be destroyed. Millions of dollars are hidden in safe deposit boxes, tin cans and socks. They will stay there until their owners become convinced that the country is again on the upgrade. When a man who has a job realizes that he is not going to lose it, he will begin to spend. When he sees that the country as a whole has stopped running away from hobgoblins, he will chase the ghost of fear from his own doorstep.

Just as in the raising of our Endowment Fund for the disabled and orphans, every post did its share; so will every post be listed when we achieve our victory.

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

**CHAMPIONS ALL  
AND ALL USE  
CHAMPIONS**

Louis Schneider

Fred Frame

Ralph Hepburn

Russ Snowberger

Jimmie Gleason  
(deceased)

"Shorty" Cantlon

Ernie Triplett

Lou Moore

Chet Miller

Bill Cummings

*These race drivers are rated, in the order pictured, America's 1931 racing champions by the A. A. A. Contest Board. All used Champion Spark Plugs exclusively throughout the year*

**Champions give your car  
the same Championship  
performance . . .**

The official 1931 championship standing of the A. A. A. Contest Board lists the most consistent point winners of automobile racing in America. All of the first ten winners used Champion Spark Plugs.

To all motorists this, together with eight years of supremacy in both America and Europe, clearly points the way to better spark plug and engine performance.

All of these racing champions use Champions for maximum performance, and install new Champions for every major race to enable them to get that extra power and speed so necessary to win.

You can do no better than follow the footsteps of these experts on engine performance, by insisting on Champion Spark Plugs for maximum engine performance and dependability.

**CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY**  
Toledo, Ohio • Windsor, Ontario



# When to See Your Doctor

(Continued from page 36)



## IN "79" HE MET HER

THEY were married in "eighty-one." And every day of their fifty years of married life was a sweetheart day. Today she is a dear, silver-haired little grandmother. She's here in person. But her heart is "over there" with her sweetheart.

Very often on cold, stormy nights she is thankful to the one who suggested the CLARK Metal Vault at the time of their parting. She knows that within its walls of impermeable, waterproof metal is a sanctuary into which outside elements may not intrude.

We make the CLARK Vault of specially processed rustproofed metal, with double welded joints, because this construction is completely immune to water and to crumbling. We guarantee it to serve unfailingly for 50 years.

CLARK Special Vaults of solid copper are guaranteed for 150 years—our DeLuxe models of extra-heavy solid copper are guaranteed forever.

Any funeral director will provide a CLARK Vault upon request. Nine appropriate finishes are offered, including Cadmium Plating by the Udylite Process. Prices are within the reach of all. Remember the name "CLARK."



"My Duty"—tells how you can help the one who "carries on"—how to take charge for a friend in his hour of sorrow. It should be in everyone's secret drawer. Shall we send you a copy, free?

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.  
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Western Office and Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.



GRAVE VAULTS

This emblem of quality appears on the end of every genuine "Clark" Vault

as proof of the growing incidence of the disease among veterans, statistics from the Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital Center of the Veterans Administration. In this Illinois institution 766 patients suffering with cancer of various types were admitted from January 1st to October 26th, 1931. They constituted 16.5 percent of the hospital's patients for the period mentioned. The Veterans Administration has established in this hospital facilities for the treatment of the disease and patients are being received from all parts of the United States. In addition the Veterans Administration has established auxiliary cancer clinics at the Diagnostic Center, Washington, D. C., Veterans Administration Hospitals, Sawtelle, Calif., and Alexandria, La. Here, the outstanding lesson is that early diagnosis is the secret of successful treatment and cure. The Veterans Administration is doing everything possible to bring to sufferers every help that modern science affords. At the Cancer Clinics are radium, x-ray apparatus, and equipment of other descriptions needed for diagnostic and treatment purposes, as well as staffs of medical experts skilled in the diagnosis and treatment of this disease.

The American Society for the Control of Cancer, which has been working for many years to distribute information about this disease, estimates that 250,000 of the more than four million World War veterans will require treatment for cancer eventually, so the Veterans Administration is preparing facilities to meet the increased incidence expected, at the same time seeking to inform service men of the nature of the disease so that sufferers will not delay seeking treatment.

The figures I have quoted need alarm nobody. One man in ten will die of the disease, if the anticipations of the actuaries hold true, but every year knowledge of the disease increases and it is probable that we shall progressively reduce the fatalities and it is possible that we shall one day unlock present mysteries and find the specific cure for the condition which now defies our skill. All over the world scientists are absorbed in the problems cancer presents. They have already robbed the disease of many of its terrors, and the promise for the future is encouraging.

Cancers fall broadly into two main types, depending upon the tissue cells affected. The tumor known as carcinoma attacks the epithelial cells of the skin, mucous membrane or glandular tissue. Sarcoma, another type of tumor, attacks the connective tissue or supporting structure of organs or tissues of the body. There are, in addition, other types of tumors, such as those of the brain and muscle.

Some cancers are slow in growth and are not very malignant. They do not cause death. Others are rapid in growth and

kill in the early stage of the disease. Some cancers grow rapidly and invade surrounding tissues, while others do not. Finally, some metastasize, that is, certain of the cells break away from the original tumor and travel through the blood or lymph channels and are deposited in distant organs or tissues, setting up new areas of growth. Other cancers do not possess this property.

Cancer is not infectious or contagious, but medical investigators have reached the conclusion that certain individuals are predisposed to it while others are comparatively immune. The factors which make for predisposition or immunity are not, however, clearly understood. The most important thing to keep in mind is that even in those predisposed to the disease there must occur some irritating process before the disease will develop. This process of irritation varies widely. It may be due to continued rubbing of some portion of the skin by something worn. It may be an irritation due to inflammation or continuous abrasion. It may be due to an abnormal activity of an organ caused by overstimulation of the cells. Accordingly, it is also believed that there is an organ or tissue susceptibility.

Scientists have made many interesting observations of the irritating factors. In Japan it was observed that cases of cancer of the esophagus were frequent among natives who regularly ate steaming hot rice. The smoking of clay pipes seems conducive to cancer of the lip. Jagged edges of teeth or ill-fitting dentures are believed to be factors in causing cancer of the tongue or mouth. Improperly fitted spectacles which rub ears or nose may be another cause.

Among World War service men cancer occurs most frequently on the lip, and many of these cases are attributable to continual irritation from the stem of a pipe or from a broken or decayed tooth. This type of growth appears as a small, persistent ulcerated sore which does not heal.

Usually the development of cancer is preceded by a precancerous condition. There is an increased growth of tissue, an inflammation, an ulcer formation or a benign tumor growth which at first does not possess the characteristics of cancer. Pigmented or hairy moles and warty growths of many types may be considered precancerous. Under continual irritation or injury cancers tend to take on malignant characteristics. Early detection of such conditions saves many lives.

Periodic health examinations should result in the detection of early pre-cancerous conditions as well as the early stages of cancer, and enable the institution of surgical or other corrective measures. Any World War veteran may profitably ask his physician to examine him at yearly



intervals, for not only should the examinations reveal any tendency toward cancer but they may also bring to light early evidences of any other disease which may have developed, unknown to the patient.

These examinations should not be inspired by fright but by a simple realization of the advantages to be derived. It is not good for any man to acquire a morbid concern for his health, but he should at least give to his body the same attention that he gives to his automobile.

Most persons do become aware of marked bodily impairments when they occur. Too often they ignore the danger signs, through procrastination or foolhardiness. Skin cancer will serve to illustrate the human tendency to wish away ills. Fifty percent of cancers of the skin occurs on the face, but in an appalling percentage of cases it is ignored in the early, curable stages. A competent physician should be consulted when a persistent painless lump or scaly patch is noticed on the nose or near an eyelid or ear.

Eleven percent of ex-service men cancer victims are listed as suffering from cancer of the stomach. The frequency of this is due to the nature of the stomach itself. It contains food most of the time and is in continual motion. The food consists mostly of indigestible vegetable fibres which irritate the delicate mucous membrane, and this results in a chronic inflammation of the organ. As a result of this injury there is lowered resistance to the lining membrane and healing is slow. Contrary to popular belief, however, an ulcer precedes cancer of the stomach in less than five percent of cases studied.

Eighty-five percent of the cases of cancer of the stomach have absolutely no digestive symptoms previous to the time the cancer is diagnosed. This fact should hold encouragement to persons suffering from occasional attacks of indigestion which imagination suggests may be due to cancer.

Despite the insidious character of cancer, nature does give her danger signals when other organs than the stomach are affected. Differentiating between the signals of trivial disorders and those of dangerous significance is the task of the physician. The specialty of cancer diagnosis and treatment is one of the newer branches of medicine, and where cancer is suspected on more than trivial grounds a cancer specialist should be consulted.

Any service man should seek competent medical advice upon the first symptoms of a condition which he thinks or fears may lead to cancer. The central office of the Veterans Administration in Washington, D. C., or any branch will give information or advice. So will Watson Miller, Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, Bond Building, Washington, D. C. There is a free clinic for cancer diagnosis in every good hospital in the United States. Locations of these clinics and general information will be sent on request by the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 25 West 43d Street, New York City.

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For complete information  
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Route of the famous  
**EMPIRE BUILDER**



## Ride 'Em, Outboard!

(Continued from page 27)

but none the less interesting meets sponsored by local chambers of commerce, Legion posts and boating clubs.

A \$25,000 silver vase presented by the late Sir Thomas Lipton is raced for every March in Florida a week after the outboarders compete for a \$15,000 jug given by Colonel Edward H. R. Green and named for his Star Island estate in Biscayne Bay. The president of Ecuador, Premier Mussolini, President Machado of Cuba are among the world figures who have sent trophies to the Florida outboard battlefields. Philadelphia has its Lipton Trophy, New England the Colonel Green Round Hills Trophy named for his summer home on Buzzards Bay, the West Coast boasts of its Lorimer prize and this year will see Governor Wilber Brucker's beautiful silver and gold international trophy go into competition at Manistee, Michigan.

When one contemplates this array of wealth and the fixtures they adorn, he wonders what thoughts are running through the minds of the old regatta barnstormers whose pioneering in 1924 and 1925 helped to make the sport what it is today. Seven and eight years ago you couldn't have a good regatta in New England unless you could persuade Al Buffington's troupe to appear at your lake or river. In this compact little group of early dare-devils were Al himself, Rose Maddocks, Marshall Eldridge, J. Everett Wilkinson and Frank Wigglesworth, among others. They loaded their boats and engines on trailers and traipsed around to wherever the prizes seemed best. They left only the crumbs for such local tyros as had the temerity to enter the lists against them, and moved on to the next regatta. Come winter they would go to Florida and race against Earl Gresch, Bill Frey, Peanuts Jackson, the Lamb boys and the stunting Pope brothers, who apparently can do anything with an outboard motorboat that a circus equestrienne can with a horse.

These pioneers tinkered with their engines, made suggestions that were adopted by manufacturers, built their own boats or altered those turned out by commercial builders to suit conditions they encountered in their travels. They did for outboard racing what the early barnstorming flyers did for aviation. So well did they work, so well did engines keep step with their craving for speed that when a boat was timed in 38.5 miles an hour over a straightaway at Balboa, Calif., in 1928 one manufacturer refused to believe it.

Here is the telegram the Johnson Motor Company sent to Charles F. Chapman, chairman of the national outboard racing commission:

"Have reports from Los Angeles on time trials at Balboa June 3 giving speed 38.5 m.p.h. with several other motors going over 37. Believe this beyond possibilities of present stock motors especially in those

waters. Suggest you investigate carefully and insist on remeasurement of course before approving records."

That was the fastest time ever made by the most powerful stock racing engine up to that time. Only three years later the smallest racing motor had equaled that mark and the big engines were consistently flirting with 55 miles an hour. When a mile a minute is achieved Mr. Chapman will receive no "There ain't no such animal" telegrams.

It is impossible to talk about outboard racing without mentioning the increasingly large number of young women who are headlining in the sport. They compete on equal terms with the men, give no quarter and ask none in a race, and their names appear on the lists of national champions and world record-holders. Helen Hentschel, of Whitestone Landing, L. I., now Mrs. James Dooley of Mt. Kisco, New York, and bringing up a family, was the first of the good ones. She performed in the later days of the Buffington circus and rode in the first 135-mile marathon down the Hudson from Albany to New York City. At some wild, isolated spot on the river Helen's engine flew apart. She paddled ashore, made her way to the New York Central tracks, found a section gang and when the toilers climbed aboard a work car to go to New York, Helen, a dainty, utterly feminine blonde in soiled white coveralls, climbed aboard with them. It is history that despite her accident Helen got to New York long before many of her competitors.

Nearly three years ago Miss Hentschel swapped her tiller for a frying pan and gave up racing to become a housewife. Hundreds of girls, though, inspired by her success and consequent fame, were ready to carry on where she left off. There was Betty Wallace, of Boston; Mrs. Frank Hickey, of Shrewsbury, Mass., the wife of a wealthy belt manufacturer; Miss Wilma Wynne, of Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Sue Mahoney, the charming brunette wife of Will Mahoney, the Broadway dancing comedian, and out on the West Coast people were beginning to hear about an apple-cheeked, brown-eyed lass called Loretta Turnbull, whose father held a post in the Californian judiciary.

To Mrs. Mahoney was vouchsafed one of the most unusual experiences an outboard driver has ever had. During a race on Lake Ronkonkoma, the cradle of the sport on Long Island, Mrs. Mahoney's boat flipped her overboard and ran driverless around the pond. Several moments later, like an obedient pony answering its master's whistle, the boat swung around and stopped within ten feet of where Mrs. Mahoney was swimming. She clambered aboard, got the motor going again and finished fourth in the field of six starters.

Miss Turnbull at nineteen has had



enough excitement and honors to last her a lifetime. She was the only girl competing in the intercollegiate championship regatta last year, she brought back a trunkload of silverware from races on the Italian Riviera last spring, and is commodore of a girls' outboard club in Southern California. She has had two serious spills in her career, but is still out there driving to win. Once she was picked up unconscious and battered after an opponent who had taken aboard more than his share of grog that day forced her boat head-on into a huge hoghead serving as a turning buoy. In the intercollegiate last year after her return from Italy her boat performed a complete somersault in the wake of a speeding runabout and spilled her out into the path of an on-rushing jam of a dozen boats doing about 45 miles an hour. She got out of that mess with a dislocated hip that kept her in bed for months but why she wasn't killed no one will ever know.

Nice sport for girls, eh? One of the most recent converts to the game is Florence Burman, of Flint, Mich., daughter of the late Bob Burman, daredevil of the automobile race tracks. Another is petite, pretty Mrs. Veryl Pantages, daughter-in-law of the California theatrical magnate.

The average outboard race is two heats of five miles each, but the desire to prove stamina, speed and reliability of engines in long distance races has led to the establishment of many marathons like the Albany-New York grind, the thrash across Lake Michigan from Milwaukee to Chicago and the Stockton-to-San Francisco voyage. All manner of adventures are encountered on these long races, but none perhaps so amusing or embarrassing as that experienced by a chap who engaged in the first and only outboard race between Boston and New York.

Overtaken by darkness, unfamiliar with the navigating lights in Long Island Sound and utterly sick and weary of the whole business anyway, the driver beached his boat on the Long Island shore. He hauled it up above the high tide mark and, still attired in his coveralls and life jacket, started through the grounds of what obviously was the estate of some wealthy person. He wanted to get to a telephone to report his withdrawal to the committee waiting at the finish. For a long time he wandered without encountering a soul.

Finally, however, he met a caretaker who took one look at him and fled precipitously. The outboarder followed and caught up with the man just as he was telephoning the police that the lunatic reported escaped from a nearby asylum was hiding on his property. The caretaker, it developed later, had never seen anyone in outboard racing costume and mistook the life jacket for a strait jacket and its disheveled occupant for a maniac. There are those who will assert that the caretaker wasn't so far wrong at that because no sane person would ever try to cover the three hundred miles of water between the Massachusetts capital and New York in an outboard racing craft.

## WARNED IN THE NICK OF TIME ..by ALBERT DORNE

GIRLS AGREED HE WAS GOOD-LOOKING  
BUT "SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE".....TOO BAD HE  
NEVER SUSPECTED WHY



MEN AT THE OFFICE FOUND HIM CAPABLE  
AND HARD-WORKING. YET THEY HESITATED  
TO PROMOTE HIM



THE "ONLY GIRL" TURNED HIM DOWN  
WHEN HE ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM



THEN A YOUNG DOCTOR FRIEND  
FRANKLY TOLD HIM WHAT HIS  
FAULT WAS -AND ADVISED  
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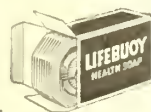


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NO one is safe from it. Even in cool weather pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily. Others are quick to notice a hint of this odor about us. Play safe—use Lifebuoy! It purifies and *deodorizes* pores—ends all "B.O." danger. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health.

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# Girls-Eye View?



IT CHILLS romance—the unsightly skin condition that comes from faulty shaving. Girls can't help being repelled by those red spots . . . nicks . . . pimples . . . black-heads . . . patches of rough skin.

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And CLEAR! No sore spots. No red blotches. For Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) wilts even the toughest stubble completely. Therefore, the blade takes off all the hair—without skin irritations! For proof—send the coupon now!

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## It's Mighty Hard, But—

(Continued from page 21)

pay for shelter as well as food. Back on the land, when humanity if not wisdom prevents eviction, he has shelter in the warm climate. Necessity is enforcing the lesson of diversification which was begun when the boll-weevil ravages were at their height.

The woman in the lonely house in the cotton fields, asked how she was managing to get through the winter, after cotton had been hardly worth the picking, said:

"No money to buy clothes—no money to spend at the store! But we're not starving. We're eating right well, considering. We got some shoats, chickens, and corn. And—" proudly she will show you her shelves of canned fruit which she has put up herself instead of buying at the store.

Many of the faces in southern doorways are black. How has the Negro fared? His nature is not inclined to individual depression. In the cities he has borne his share of privation for the want of work, and especially so since so many families have had to discharge black servants who are not only bringing no pay home to father, but no provender from the kitchens of their employers.

"I don't see how he lives without a crick," said a Carolina coast Negro who was visiting an up-country friend.

A Negro who lives on a creek is not concerned with two billion dollar national finance corporations nor the raising of the national income tax. He has more land at his door than he can utilize to grow crops to supplement the mussels and fish he can get from the creek.

He is far happier in his way than the heads of many great corporations; happier than people who are wondering how they can meet the rent of their stores and apartments, and the pay roll of their employes; happier than the Negroes who have had superior schooling and lost their lucrative jobs or made money in business which they have lost just as often as the white folks.

When the Negro son who went North returns broke, all that his father has to do is to give him a hook and line and point to the creek.

It was by way of Oklahoma on a line from Minnesota to Houston and Dallas that I entered the South. This trip through the middle of the nation is even more revealing of its expanse and variety of resources and climate than the more common one from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

State-consciousness in Texas is empire-consciousness. Texas is so large that I wonder how it keeps acquainted with itself. It is as far from El Paso to Texarkana as from Boston to Cleveland; as far from Amarillo, which may be facing a blizzard, to Brownsville, where people are in shirt-sleeves, as from New York to Cincinnati.

Texas vision is too clear for her to have to strain her eyes in order to see the silver lining in any cloud. She sees it in the tribute to her growth in census reports, in the

diversity of her products and new manufactures, and in her expanse from cattle ranges to her ports and rice fields in which she can grow everything that man needs to eat and wear to keep him respectably clad and nourished on a properly balanced diet. The migration of swart groups of men and women and children whom I saw at the railroad stations eases the Texan unemployment problem. Mexican laborers and their families are returning to cheaper living in the home land of tortillas and frioles.

Old New Orleans—gracious combination of conservatism and enterprise—where I ate in the same unchanged restaurant in a street which was the same as twenty years ago—has more than the memory of floods and what she endured in 1861-65 to school her in cheer against adversity. She has the memory of past battles against epidemics of cholera and yellow fever—this "indestructible city," triumphant in her continued growth as the largest city in the South, with her modern sewage and water systems below water level.

Outside promoters complained, in the lush days, that she was not building-conscious when she balked at their grandiose proposals, although she has so much accumulated wealth. One reason why she stood the later strain so well is that she has no unoccupied tall office buildings and skyscrapers. She escaped heavy real estate deflation. This gateway of the great Mississippi Valley to the Gulf and Central and South America was putting her money into a gigantic new bridge and an industrial canal.

Old Mobile, equally port-conscious, looks northward by river and rail the length of Alabama to Birmingham, the South's city of steel, which inevitably must share the stress of the one-industry cities of Pittsburgh, Bethlehem and Gary, but escaped some of the hardships of their more rigorous climate. The oversubscription of the Birmingham sum set for her community chest signifies how she cares for her own.

The same Northerners who think of Atlanta as being like a Northern city may say that the influx of workers and capital from the other side of the cotton belt has made Birmingham Northern. I could not see it that way. It seemed to me that the Northerners who settle in the South frequently become more Southern than the Southerners.

The collapse of the Florida land boom which had given Birmingham a rich market for her steel and cement, let Birmingham down more gradually than her sister steel cities of the North. Georgian real estate deflation, which was coincident with that in Florida, performed the same service for Atlanta, whose spirit is expressed in the posters carrying her relief slogan: "I eat no meal today without pledging a cent to the unemployed."

Georgia, too, has sustaining factors in



the diversity of her industries and in knowing what the Northerner does not always know—that she grows many other things aside from cotton and peaches. As an example of the movement of industries southward, Atlanta capitalizes the good news of the coming of rubber tire factories which would be near the source of cotton. Savannah, bearing her share of the decrease of foreign trade, rejoices in a new factory which is to turn young slash pine into wood pulp. Chambers of commerce would fail in their duty to the unemployed who pass their doors if they were not on the lookout for the silver linings—as well as jobs.

And Florida? The worst was over for Florida, she had already tightened her belt, I found, when the industrial North was wondering if the depression would last longer than six months. Browning stakes mark the streets of planned cities which nature is taking back as her own with a speed and abundance of tropic growth; and this Florida can cite as a proof of the richness of Florida soil. What has become of the people of the migration of 1926-27 which the now lonely automobile camps served in the heyday of the boom? The elderly who remain in the kindly climate often depend for cash money upon sons and daughters in the North whose remittances have grown smaller and more irregular.

The hurricanes supplied many settlers with a "face-saving" excuse for retreat before hard times had really begun in the North. Others have remained, and they now class as genuine and certified citizens of the State that has lost none of its faith that past dreams will one day come true. Her finances sound, Florida looks back on the boom as having discovered the rich possibilities of her soil and location.

This optimism also includes conviction that national prosperity will return at full tide and bring battalions instead of squads of winter tourists to the winter resorts. Sleeping car berths will again have to be booked weeks ahead and tourist automobiles, new and shiny, will again be streaming along the roads.

Only once, in this long journey through the Southland, which I have had to describe in so few words, did I hear any leader seriously say that the old prosperity will never return. Even this doubter added, "So it looks to me, now." The South, supported by her brave traditions, has the far-sighted optimism to take heart out of present hardships in the promise of a great future in our next era of national expansion, probably not far distant.

Young veterans—not so young as they were in 1917-18—have had a second opportunity to display the quality which was bred into them. They knew by experience what the old veteran, who wanted the editor to make it hot, meant by the value of keeping a stiff upper lip when the going is rough under fire. The Legion and Auxiliary have been tireless in veteran and Southern fellowship from city streets to remote homes in the cotton fields.

"Look  
daddy..."



The only  
pipe smoker who  
doesn't like it,  
is the one who  
never tried it!



Packed in a  
handy pocket  
pouch of heavy  
foil. Keeps the  
tobacco better  
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# Yet her answer was "NO"

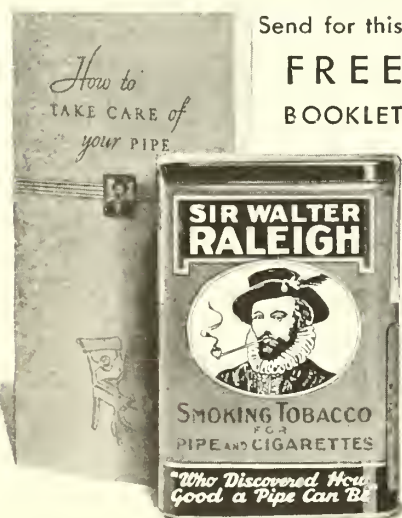


HE was all set for an important ride in the country, but she said "NO."

She couldn't tell him to throw that sizzling boiler in the lake. A guy has to learn that for himself. She loved pipes. All women do. But it must be good, mild tobacco in a first-class, well-groomed pipe.

We recommend Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, because we make it, of course, but also because it is a mild blend of mellow, well-aged Burleys. It's popular, and fast getting more so. Try Sir Walter's grand blend today.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
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It's 15¢ — AND IT'S Milder

## Speaking of Rubber

(Continued from page 8)

obvious one of automobile tires, are in such articles as rubber heels and soles, mountings for automobile engines and bodies, insulation for railroad passenger coaches, and the like. Its resilience accounts for its use in balls needed for sport, in elastics of all sorts, and similar purposes.

During the World War the Germans learned this to their sorrow. For some reason, German preparedness for war provided only a few months' supply of rubber. The Allied blockade, combined with Britain's then virtual monopoly of crude rubber, effectively kept Germany from getting any considerable supplies. What there was, Germany diverted to military purposes. But the supply was inadequate for even this purpose, and eventually most German army trucks and even staff cars were bumping along on substitute tires of steel supported on the rims by steel springs on wooden blocks. These would not permit high speeds, they gave continual trouble, and they caused infinite grief in engines, transmissions, and other vital parts of the vehicles. Military motor transport operated at only a small fraction of normal efficiency, and this breakdown was an important factor in the final victory of the Allies.

The modern airplane is quite as dependent on rubber as is the automobile. Even the pioneer model flown by the Wrights with skids instead of wheels had these skids supported on rubber to lessen the shock of landing. The slowest take-off and landing speeds of modern land planes require rubber-tired wheels. A very serious weakness of the airplane for long-continued flight was until recently the breaking of oil lines due to crystallization of the metal from vibration. Encasing oil lines in rubber, thus keeping from them much of the vibration, has practically done away with this hazard.

As an insulator for electrical conductors, rubber serves a highly useful purpose. If we had to do without rubber as electrical insulation, this would interfere seriously with the transmission of electricity on which our civilization depends for most of its power and light. It would also hamper communications which are quite as vital. Loss of rubber would not stop the use of telegraph and telephone, but it would limit their range and would restrict the scale on which they would be available.

Because of its resistance to corrosion and its ability to exclude gases, rubber is needed for gas masks. It was stated after the World War by Benedict Crowell, Assistant Secretary of War, that American gas masks "gave twenty times the protection afforded by the best German masks. No American soldier was ever gassed because of the failure of an American gas mask."

To cite another service of rubber that is vital both in peace and in war, only surgeons and nurses fully realize its importance in hospitals and in the care of sick and wounded. Surgical gloves, anesthesia masks, rubber tubing, and adhesive tape are some which even a layman's knowledge can easily appreciate.

Again, there is no adequate substitute for rubber footwear, whether the miner's white boots, the fisherman's waders, the athlete's gym shoes, or everybody's rubbers and overshoes.

Practically every major sport depends upon rubber. Most balls used in sport get their resiliency from the rubber itself or the air it contains; footballs, basketballs, baseballs, tennis balls, golf balls, even the hockey puck which is essentially a solid ball trimmed flat. Billiard tables have rubber cushions, baseball catchers and umpires wear pads of inflated rubber, many sport shoes require rubber soles.

The most economical and satisfactory source of rubber is the tree known to botanists as *Hevea brasiliensis*, which was found in Brazil and has since been grown in many other tropical countries.

Unfortunately for the self-sufficiency of our own nation, we have no climate suited to this tree within the continental United States.

It was this realization of the necessity for home-grown rubber in times of national emergency that led Thomas A. Edison to devote the last years of his life principally to a search for some native plant which might yield rubber. He was not primarily looking for a new commercial source. He pinned his principal hopes on finding some way of having home-grown rubber available for a war emergency.

More than 30,000 different rubber articles are now manufactured. So many new, important uses are developed every year that we know we have only scratched the surface of the uses to which it will eventually be put.

## You Always Can Tell

(Continued from page 19)

"the items you say are missing"—those little words "you say" make trouble. Harmless as the words look, they are just as offensive as if the letter read: "You say these items are missing, but we don't think

they are. That's merely what *you* say." The surprising thing is that the number of customers thus irritated is always in the same ratio to the total number who receive similar letters. Because this unfavorable



stimulation is so uniform, the company tries never to use a word that can possibly give offense. Instead of writing, "the items you say were missing" they now invariably write, "regarding the items that were missing."

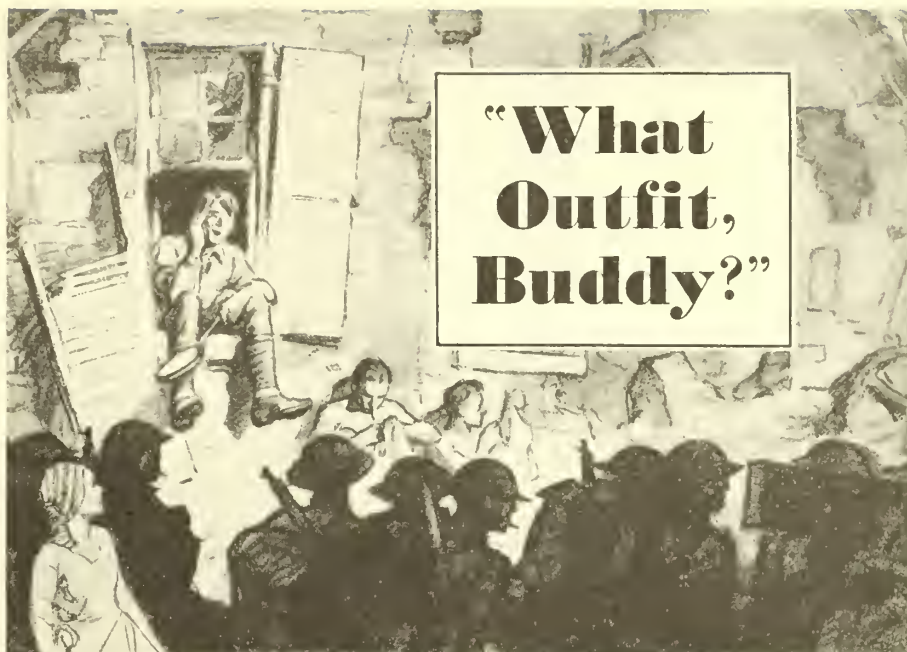
People likely to become confirmed mail order customers usually show signs of this when they send in their first order. If a man buys one article costing ten dollars, he is not as good a prospect for additional purchases as if he had ordered two articles at only one dollar each. The explanation seems to be that an order for a single item may be largely accidental—something one needed in a hurry and couldn't obtain elsewhere. But when a man buys two or more items, that is probably because he mulled through the catalog and had his interest aroused. Having done this once he may do it again.

Because of the strong pulling power of habit, a definite high ratio of all who ever become mail order customers continue to be customers as long as they live. Some time ago, a young woman eloped and was married without her parents' permission. Later they eagerly desired to know where she was and it occurred to them that she would probably be having dealings with Sears, Roebuck—because she had bought from them when at her parents' home. They wrote to the company to learn if the missing girl's name and address was on the mailing lists, and sure enough, it was. If the company had taken the trouble to consult certain records, they could have foretold in advance exactly what the chances were for her name being on their lists.

If this company could view a representative group of all kinds of people who might become their customers, they could predict with surprising accuracy which types should prove most profitable. A timid woman, for example, is probably a better customer than an aggressive woman, because a timid person prefers buying by mail to dealing with clerks in stores. The same is true of fat women, or women having small children. A certain definite proportion of these find it easier to send their orders direct from the home premises.

While people's tastes vary according to prevailing styles and seasons, certain staple lines of goods may always be sold in such quantity that carload lots must be kept constantly on hand. These include pearl buttons and toothpicks. Evidently it would be possible to estimate just about how many toothpicks and pearl buttons every 1000 people in the general population are going to require. In short, dealings of a mail order house with millions of customers support the theory that human beings average so nearly alike that they may be treated in the mass as thoroughly predictable.

*This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Kelly on the predictability of human behavior. The articles will appear from time to time in the Monthly.*



**R**EMEMBER the dark nights, the pouring rain, the muddy roads, and the old question, "What outfit, buddy?"

And the answers, "Y.M.C.A. replacements" or "Raggedy Ann cadets" or what have you—anything but the right answer.

Well, whether the right answer in your case should have been First or Ninety-first, whether you were in the A.E.F., the Siberian Expedition, the Navy or the S. O. S., you'll find some of the old gang now living here in Southern California.

That's why we're suggesting that before or after the Portland convention you head down here. Make Southern California part of your itinerary. Plan in advance, and stage that big reunion you've been looking forward to. You'll have the vacation of your life at the same time.

Take a dip in the Pacific too. Visit gay Hollywood and mingle with the stars. Explore mile-high mountains, old Spanish Mis-

sions, orange groves, resort cities like Santa Monica, Long Beach, Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Pomona and Glendale—all the famous sights and places that make up this great playground-of-the-world which Los Angeles centers. Summer days are clear and rainless, nights so cool you'll sleep under blankets. Moreover, Southern California vacation costs are lower than ever this year. Now, for the first time, your railroad ticket costs no more if you see the whole Pacific Coast, entering via the north and returning via Southern California, or vice versa.

And don't forget the Olympic Games, world's greatest sport spectacle, to be held in Southern California this summer. The finals will be on from July 30 to August 14.

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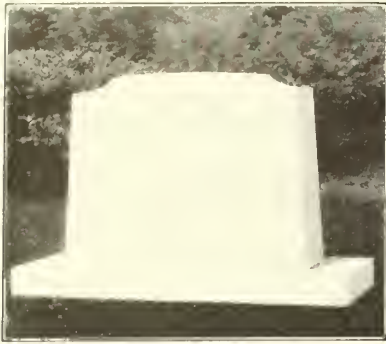
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# Paul Bunyon Was Right

(Continued from page 23)



Have you been meaning to erect a monument to the memory of a loved one?

HAVE you been putting it off from month to month?

The 48 page book "Personality in Memorials" was written for just such people as yourself, and hundreds of letters have been received thanking us for it. It shows modest monuments and elaborately-carved ones—all beautiful

—and all durable—and explains how to select a monument to suit the personality of the loved one in whose memory it is to be erected. Don't let another Decoration Day go by—send the coupon now. There is no charge for the book.



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old Mt. Hood and locate them in other States, but they still belong to Oregon and for many years to come will cause visitors to marvel.

While Portland is the largest city in the State, the center of its major activities and one of the principal shipping points for the millions of dollars of products raised and manufactured in the Pacific Northwest, its history is so closely linked with the story of the Oregon Country that both must be told.

To get the background one must bear in mind that through the Cascade Range, that huge barrier separating the broad plains of the West from the fertile valleys on the Coast, there is only one natural gateway and that is formed by the Columbia River Gorge through which flows the second largest river in America and the only river in the world which has its source on one side of a mountain range and its outlet on the other.

Through this great gateway came the pack trains of those two intrepid explorers and adventurers, Lewis and Clark, who left the first evidences of white man's civilization in Oregon. It is at Seaside, not many miles from Portland, that the salt cairn which members of their party erected to extract salt from the sea water still stands as a memorial at the end of their trail. Then, in the years which followed them came the thousands of those great lumbering wagon trains carrying the vanguard of those who made history for the Northwest—the Empire Builders—and, should you be coming to Portland from the East, it is via this natural gateway that you will pass enroute.

As one enters the State he sees the broad expanse of its wheat fields, the thousands of acres of grazing land, its rolling hills dotted with sheep, cattle and horses, dozens of small, fertile valleys and thriving communities all built along the Oregon Trail over which traveled the immigrants of the covered wagon days. Those of you who journey over this route either by transcontinental trains or automobile will have opportunity to take in the Pendleton Round-up, that world renowned spectacle of men and horses, to be held in Pendleton, Oregon, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 8th, 9th and 10th. Arrangements are being made to route many of the special trains via the eastern Oregon city and assurance has been given that Legionnaires traveling by automobile will be given special consideration by the Round-up officials.

Shortly after leaving Pendleton one gets his first glimpse of the Columbia River Gorge and as he comes down this great water grade, either by train or automobile, he sees the majestic Columbia, the famed highway alongside, the magnificent and beautiful waterfalls, the numerous tum-

bling cascades of mountain streams—and then when he arrives at Portland he is forced to the realization that perhaps, after all, there is something to the statement that Oregon has everything.

It was because of the large number of men who offered their services immediately upon our entering the World War that Oregon became nationally known as the "Volunteer State." It was the first State to complete the war census, first to complete the machinery for the operation of the selective draft and had not the national policy decreed otherwise, it is certain that Oregon would have filled all of her quota with volunteers. While Oregon got no glory for any distinctive fighting units in the war, thousands of her men were members of the 41st Division which was one of the first to arrive in France but which subsequently became a replacement organization. It was from this division that her men became members of every unit and every section that participated in all engagements. Oregon also contributed a great many men to the 91st Division, an organization which also played a conspicuous part in the war.

It is in the harbor of Portland that is to be found that famous old fighting craft, the battleship *Oregon*, which in the war of 1898 made that memorable cruise down the west coast of North and South America, through the Straits of Magellan and arrived at Santiago, Cuba, in time to give much needed assistance in the naval battle between the American and Spanish fleets. Its run is chronicled in every history and in the annals of all navy men as a feat which has never been duplicated. The State of Oregon is now its caretaker and the old ship is open daily to visitors.

Not far from the berth of this battleship, on an island in the harbor is one of the best of the airports in America. With its magnificent buildings, paved aprons and taxi ways, grass plots and partial macadam landing runways, constructed at a cost of \$1,500,000, it furnishes an attraction which brings visitors from all over the country. Four major air transportation systems make Portland their Pacific Northwest center and if Legionnaires come to Portland by plane, it is here they will land and later be in the heart of the city in less than a five minutes' drive.

Oregon has one-fifth of the standing timber of the nation and about five hundred sawmills which cut four billion feet of lumber annually. So lumbering, in its various phases, is Oregon's greatest industrial operation, the annual cut being worth a hundred million dollars. Great pulp and paper plants are now rapidly centering in Oregon, making Portland the lumbering capital of the world. It is from Portland that millions of feet of lumber are shipped to world markets.



Portland is also the second wool market of the United States and likely destined to become the largest, owing to its proximity to the great wool growing areas. Much of the canned salmon, the "gold fish" of the army days, came from Oregon. The salmon and fishing industries of Oregon give employment to thousands of people.

Portland was only a boat landing in 1844 but today it is one of the nation's leading ports. Ships from the seven seas, discharging copra, oil, silks, spices, etc., and loading wheat, apples and many other products of the great Northwest. Those of you who were along the Rhine in 1919 and bought apples will probably recall that they were the Spitzenbergs for which the Hood River Valley, just within the shadow of the mighty mountain, is world renowned. They're the Oregon apples which are eaten by the King of England. The discovery by a newspaper correspondent of a box of Oregon apples in Buckingham Palace focused the attention of the world upon this luscious fruit from the Oregon Country and it is through Portland's port that thousands upon thousands of these apples are shipped every year to foreign lands.

Portland also has the largest fresh-water harbor on the Pacific Coast; and as marine life and salt water barnacles which gather on the bottoms of ships drop away when the ships are in fresh water, Portland harbor holds additional attraction for all the ocean-going cargo carriers.

No city in the United States of its size has made such provision for the enjoyment of golf for all classes of residents and visitors as Portland. Here you'll find twenty courses at your disposal, each one with natural and beautiful surroundings.

Portland, internationally known as the "City of Roses," with an estimated population of 356,823, occupies an area of seventy square miles and while there are 1042 industrial and manufacturing plants, she's different from the average industrial city of the East, for her skies are blue, her atmosphere clear. There is no smudge or soot, due mainly to the fact that electricity is largely used in the homes and manufacturing plants—Oregon, you know, having an abundance of hydro-electric power. Here people live in homes surrounded by beautiful gardens, green lawns and gorgeous flowers.

While the annual Rose Festival is an early June event, Portland's roses bloom in gorgeous profusion from early spring until late December and if it's the soil in Louisville, it's the climate in Portland that makes it the thriving garden spot and home city the visitor finds. Parks, playgrounds and swimming pools, all available to the visitor, are so located to make one or more easily accessible to everyone.

It is true that Portland has half a hundred theaters and many other attractions, but it's the great out-of-doors, fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, swimming, surf bathing, motoring, canoeing and fresh and salt water cruising which attracts all.

Tobogganing, (Continued on page 56)



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Present Position .....

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## Paul Bunyon Was Right

(Continued from page 55)

skiing and all the other winter sports interest thousands. In less than an hour's ride from the city are several famed trout streams of the State and if you are interested in hooking a forty-pound, red meat salmon, you can try your skill almost within the city limits. There are sportsmen who come across the continent to fish for this king of them all. A stranger intermittently pauses in wonderment as he travels the highways cut through the forests of gigantic trees of Oregon, sees the strange lava and fossil beds of central Oregon and its other myriad attractions. Then when he gets on the Roosevelt Highway, that unsurpassable scenic drive of them all which parallels the ocean for approximately four hundred miles along the Oregon coast he comes to the realization that there is no point in ever giving the Oregon Country back to the Indians—even though there were a sufficient number left to accept it.

There are few cities in America which had war time mayors who made it a point to greet groups of ex-service men returning to their homes and few, indeed, who arose early in the mornings to be at the depot to

bow their heads in reverence upon arrival of the trains carrying the bodies of the dead heroes. The same mayor, George L. Baker, is still on the job and when he declares that Portland and the State of Oregon are Legion-minded, he very definitely means it.

With more than a third of both the police and fire departments of the city consisting of Legionnaires and literally hundreds of them to be found in officialdom of the Northwest, to say nothing of the thousands in every business, every vocation and every walk of life, the ex-service men and women who come to Oregon will find themselves welcomed officially by Legionnaires and thereafter very much at home among folks of their own kind.

Of course, while Portland is to be the host, the whole Northwest, including all the cities in Oregon, Washington and even British Columbia and Alaska, will join in the welcoming, and if you come to Portland via Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, you will also have opportunity to see other thriving cities of the Northwest.

Now, after all this, don't you think that Paul Bunyon was a great guy?

## The Duckhawk's Nest

(Continued from page 17)

for me. Fastening a single buck-shot to my snell and looping an especially wriggly worm on my hook, I crouched down behind a rock and dropped the bait gently into the exact center of the whirling pool. Instantly there was a tremendous tug at my line; I struck and the next moment a plump eight-inch trout was flapping on the ground beside me.

The sight was too much for Elizabeth. "Me for worms," she remarked earnestly and proceeded to annex the best one that I had left. In another moment she had landed the mate to my trout, and within five minutes we had two more. At that point Herbert weakened and, borrowing some of my extra hooks, joined the ranks of bait-fishermen.

In fifteen minutes we had caught a half-dozen jeweled, eight-inch trout and stopped for lunch.

Hiding our lunch-basket and rods in the bushes, we crossed the stream on a tiny bridge precariously swung between two overhanging rocks and suddenly faced the famous falls of Bash-Bish. Over a wall of gray granite the stream plunged down fifty feet and was split into twin torrents by the Devil's Thumb, a triangular mass of dark stone thrust straight out from the wall of the gorge.

For long we stood and stared at the sight.

It was as if we had surprised some mighty spirit of solitude, who in terrible beauty was rushing down to overwhelm us.

With the incessant roar of the falls filling our ears, we started up a path evidently intended exclusively for mountain-goats or chamois. I led the way, trying hard not to puff, with Elizabeth and Herbert hard at my heels.

At last we approached the crest of the cliff and still there were no signs of the swift falcons which we had come so far to see. Then, as we rounded a jutting rock suddenly two slate-blue hawks skimmed across the gorge which stretched away below us. They had huge yellow feet and black marks on either side of their fierce, notched beaks and as they flew they gave complaining, insistent notes like the creak of a rusty hinge.

"Duckhawks, duckhawks!" I shouted, like the "thalatta, thalatta," of the Ten Thousand, and we crouched behind a ledge.

The tercel, the hawk's name for the male, was the smaller of the two, and at last flew across the vast granite bowl, hollowed out by some forgotten fires when the earth was young, and alighted on a dead pine which towered aloft on the farther side of the ravine. Then the female, who had disappeared among the trees, suddenly came whizzing back through the



air like a gray-blue meteor and swooped down into the depths of the gorge. Just when it seemed as though she would certainly be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, she shot up again on motionless wings.

I knew the place well. Down the side of the gorge ran a tiny path which I had once followed and which led to a niche in the face of the cliff where the falcons had nested in previous years. The little cave was entirely hidden from view from above and was carpeted with wild geranium.

I had fully expected to see the hawk make her way to this place, but to my surprise she waddled several feet along the path, awkward as a cowpuncher on foot, and squatted down on a flat rock some distance from her accustomed eyrie. I examined the place carefully through my high-powered field-glasses but could not make out whether or not she was sitting upon eggs. Hurrying on ahead of my companions, I reached the crest of the gorge whence I could look directly down upon the falcon below me. As she caught sight of me, with a wild scream she hurled herself into the air and I saw that she had been brooding three red eggs which were about the color of terra cotta. Although it was the eleventh of April, she probably had not finished laying, since four eggs are the complete clutch of a duckhawk.

A moment later and my cousins were standing beside me, gazing down at the first falcon's nest which they had ever seen.

The three eggs lay in a little depression in the soft earth, apparently made by the weight of the bird, and were only two feet from the precipice, with a few raspberry bushes growing between them and the cliff-edge.

A few flecks of down clung to the ground and there was a white bone and the skeleton head of a bird near by, but those were the only signs of the fierce hawk's prey.

Then, after we had watched for a time the female falcon wheel above the gorge, we started down to the nest. The path leading to it along the side of the cliff, although steep was not especially dangerous, except at one point where it was necessary to drop some six feet from one ledge to another. A slip or a misstep there and the climber would fall fifty feet.

I went first at this place and Herbert lowered Elizabeth down to me.

I steadied my young cousin as her feet touched the ledge and the next moment we stood in the falcon's eyrie and admired the three red eggs at the edge of the precipice.

The rest of the afternoon we spent in trying to secure satisfactory pictures of the duckhawk in flight but the bird's tremendous speed evaded most of our attempts. She would whirl and veer through the air at lightninglike speed while Elizabeth vainly tried to catch her in the finder. Then, as if determined to pay no further attention either to her nest or to the humans who were invading it, she would hurtle through the sky away from us until

she seemed no larger than a robin. Then, suddenly turning, she would come rushing back, growing larger and larger, and plunge again into the gorge. Only when her wings were wet with the spray of the falls would she swerve upwards, rising in a vertical line with wings half-spread. Each time as she passed her nest, she would open them out and drop her taloned feet as if longing to brood the eggs she saw waiting for her.

Once we clambered down the far side of the gorge and hid among the bushes, hoping that she would come back to her nest and be photographed on it. After flying by her eyrie several times, she finally alighted on the ledge and waddled in towards the face of the cliff and crouched there some distance from the eggs, which she refused to brood while we were watching her.

The last of the spent day was all rust-red and pearl as we dipped into the sudden dark of little valleys and climbed back to moon-litten heights and whirled past tiny lakes that gleamed like pools of blurred silver in the wistful light. Then our car whizzed past a dark stream full of drowned stars and in another moment we reached the break-neck hill which leads down to Herbert's house.

Two minutes later and we were sitting down to a late dinner, secure and luxurious, with our adventure over. Yet, like a breath from the hills, there had come into our lives the memory of the wild, fierce freedom of the falcons and the sheer beauty of that shouting cataract.

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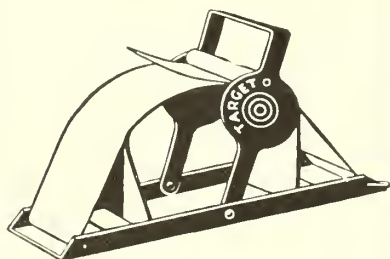


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# The Shrimp and the Ribbon

(Continued from page 15)

Windsor Locks, you know, but it grew rather small for me. One lives such a dull life in the States!"

They talked of various things for some fifteen minutes, when Jeams and Shrimp came in. Mrs. Jeams welcomed them with a smile.

"Come and sit down here," she said. "Your wife and I have just been talking about that very interesting ribbon you wear. I do *wish* you would tell us about it."

"I've brought in the bottle," said Mr. Jeams hurriedly. "Now, Shrimp, you and I are going to have another little drink because we both come from the Old Bay State!"

They had another, while Mrs. Jeams talked on general subjects. Mrs. Jeams's heart warmed to the other woman.

"Don't you think, dear," she said to her husband, "that we might show our guests a little of Paris life this evening? Couldn't we go down to LaFarge's for a dance or two?"

"Oh, but this is Sunday night!" objected Mrs. Marvin. "Will anything be open?"

"Will anything be open? Why not?"

"Why, they don't allow dancing on Sunday night at home!" gasped Mrs. Marvin. "Why, they don't even allow the theaters to give shows!"

"Well, they give shows here on Sunday night," laughed Jeams. "Haha! And how!"

Discreetly hidden amid the trees of the Champs Elysées are a few restaurants of the ultra fashionable type, where one can get a light supper for a price that would keep a poor man's family in food for a month. Among these is the Restaurant LaFarge, and thither the two families went in Mr. Jeams's great Pullman car of an automobile.

The instant they turned off the Avenue they could see the glittering lights, and the sound of song and music came to their ears. The car rolled up to the entrance, and a man in the uniform of the King of Zulu-land swung open the door. Mr. Jeams descended, and as he did, put something on his head.

"Thomas!" shrieked Mrs. Jeams. "What is that on your head?"

"My hat."

Mrs. Jeams reached out and snatched the mysterious object from her husband's head. It was a small cap of blue, exactly like the one Marvin held in his hand, except that it bore the word "France" instead of "Massachusetts."

"Gimme that hat!" said Mr. Jeams. "It's my Legion hat!"

"You'll not wear that cap in my presence!" flashed his wife. "I'm known here, and so are you!"

Mr. Jeams had learned, as all successful married men must, the point beyond which it is dangerous to push a wife. He went in, and called for the maitre d'hôtel.

"A table!" purred the maitre d'hôtel. "Ah, Monsieur Jeams! A table! But it will have to be in the back! We are very full, you know!"

"That's all right, Joe, put us a table on the dance floor!"

"Monsieur, there is no more room. I have put tables on the floor until there is no room to dance, just for one couple to turn around! Ah, no, Monsieur Jeams, you come too late!"

"Send for LaFarge!" snapped Mrs. Jeams. "The idea! Why, we've spent enough money in here to buy this place. I guess we'll have a table!"

Monsieur LaFarge arrived, obsequious, deferential.

"Monsieur, madame," said he, "a table? Come with me! Look! What shall I do? Shall I hang one on the ceiling?"

He swept aside the heavy curtains that masked the entrance. Bright lights gleamed. Paper streamers coiled their many colored lengths about the floor, around the dancers, across the tables. Black-garbed waiters darted here and there like fish, and a real American orchestra pounded from a balcony. The place was full. There was no room. And in the very center of the restaurant, on a place where ten people could not stand with comfort, a solid mass of dancers struggled to move two steps in any one direction.

"Well, we'll go somewhere else!" decided Mrs. Jeams.

"It will be the same," advised LaFarge, "there are thirty thousand visitors in town tonight."

"Well, we'll try another place," said Mrs. Jeams angrily, "not only tonight, but hereafter!"

Mr. Marvin, who had hung in the background, hearing that they were not to stay, put on his Legion cap, cocking it over one eye. LaFarge, bowing, but adamant as to tables on the floor, espied that tiny thing of blue with the gold seal and the embroidered letters on it.

"You have a guest from the Legion?" asked LaFarge quickly. "That gentleman with you?"

"Guest from the Legion?" asked Jeams. "Yes, he's with me. Guest? I belong to it myself." He pulled out his cap from his pocket and put it on vigorously.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the proprietor, "why didn't you tell me? If you had told me that—Joseph! Le trois-bis! Quatre couverts!"

"What's the grand idea?" demanded Jeams. "One minute you tell me no table, and the next minute I can have one because I belong to the Legion!"

"Ah!" said the proprietor, turning his hands outward. "They're only poor boys. They will only be here a few days. You'll be here the rest of your life! What kind of a man would I be, if I told these poor boys. 'No, no room! The Americans that live



in Paris and can come every night in the week won't let you come in!"

"Yeh," agreed Jeams coldly, "and they'll probably spend more in one night than we do in a week, too."

"It's posseeble," smiled the proprietor. "We got our taxes to pay like anybody else."

"I really wish we had gone out," said Mrs. Jeams, as they sat down. "The idea! After all the money we've spent and all the tips we've given here, and then be treated that way!"

"Well, never mind now. We've got a ringside table, and after all, the place is very crowded."

"I don't see why, with all the United States open to them, they had to hold their convention over here and crowd us out of our own restaurants!" said Mrs. Jeams viciously.

Mrs. Jeams, since Windsor Locks had grown too small for her, had dropped many verbal bricks, but none that brought such instant ghastly silence as did that one. Her husband gave her a look that should have stretched her a corpse, and Shrimp, in his confusion, drank a glass of champagne that stood handy to his elbow on another table, and the waiter instantly refilling the glass, he drank another.

Luckily there was a roll of orchestral drums, the lights went out, and a spotlight shot its beam into the center of what remained of the dance floor.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jeams. "A dancer!"

The music crashed, a door opened, and a figure ran in amidst tumultuous applause. The applause drowned Mrs. Marvin's scream. She covered her eyes with her hands, then looked cautiously under them.

Yes, it was true. The dancer was garbed in something less than a dozen beads, and was doing a dance of that type known as classical, but that closely resembled the gyrations of a one-armed paperhanger in search of a flea. The dance finished with bursts of applause.

The lights went on, and Mrs. Jeams, turning, observed the embarrassment on Mrs. Marvin's face.

"Why—" she began. "Oh, you mustn't let a little thing like that upset you. Why, if she were on the beach in a bathing suit, you wouldn't think anything of it!"

"I know," said the other, "but she didn't have on a bathing suit, and this is Sunday night, too!"

"Ah, yes, but this is Paris!"

"Well, I'm certainly glad," observed Mrs. Marvin, as to herself, "that I didn't let my husband come alone."

The jazz band clanged forth again and the dance floor immediately took on the appearance of a can of animated sardines. The fun became livelier, paper hats were donned, the guests threw cotton balls at each other, even if, as Mrs. Marvin remarked, "they had never seen each other before in their lives!"

Jeams, on coming in, had ordered a bottle of champagne, and Shrimp Marvin, observing that this bottle now stood bottom up in the (Continued on page 60)

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# The Shrimp and the Ribbon

(Continued from page 59)

bucket, ordered another. The orchestra, to show that it was in the spirit of the evening, played wartime tunes, "Over There," "Where Do We Go From Here?" and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" which last many French believe is the American national hymn.

These selections are very likely to stimulate an ex-soldier audience to song, and they did so here. Mrs. Jeams observed that her husband and his guest were adding their voices to the chorus. This was horrible, for she had observed certain people in the vicinity that she knew. But her husband was across the table, and she could not restrain him. Mr. Marvin, at that moment, asked her if she cared to dance with him, and as that might break up the chorus, she accepted.

The dance was long, and the room hot, and when Shrimp returned to his chair he emptied his glass thirstily. The cold liquid felt good, but the glass was small, and he had another, pouring it himself. Then he sat down, a little teeteringly, so that Mr. Jeams observed him curiously. The other man, however, seemed quite calm. Jeams followed the direction of his gaze. There was nothing there, except four men in a corner, who, beating time for each other with the little sticks used to stir champagne, sang loudly,

"Oh, there may be wives with some o' you guys,

But there ain't no wives with us!"

Shrimp Marvin looked. His gaze became fixed and his eye glassy. Surprised, he observed himself at that table. There were not four men there, but six, all in tin hats, their uniforms faded, wrinkled, and plastered with mud.

Among them he saw himself, white-faced with the first shave he had had in a barber shop in two months. He knew where those men had come from. That morning they had come out of the lines, and daybreak had found them at Montzeville, in the shelter of the hill behind the town. Rain fell, and the rolling kitchen steamed where the water fell on the hot stove.

The shivering men, rattling their mess-kits, or clanking the tin cans that served those who had none, observed a man picking his way across the field toward them, climbing in and out of the old shell-holes, ducking his head to keep the rain out of his ear. It was an orderly, bearing from regimental headquarters a list of men, who, for their meritorious performances in action, were to have forty-eight-hours' leave in Paris.

The chow line dissolved while the men read that list, and as soon as one saw his name on it, he was off, his messkit on the ground where he had dropped it, running away across those gray fields to the distant road, where a column of trucks, like elephants, clattered and ground their way

up the hill toward Sivry-la-Perche and Verdun.

Shrimp had seen his name and had gone. He, Sokol the cook, Pipolo, the two Barnacle brothers, and a corporal had gotten into the same truck. There was a train for Paris, a *rapide*, on which soldiers were not allowed. They went on it, however. They arrived at the Gare de l'Est that night. Paris lay before them. Forty-eight hours.

They proceeded to enjoy it, never even scraping the mud from their uniforms. They had not asked for a table then, they had sat at one. They had sung and drunk and sung again. They had "stretched" an M. P. that tried to calm them, had a fight with a party of British sailors, and caught the train back to Fleury, whence by truck they rejoined their regiment. The next day they had gone into the assault of the Bois de Peut de Faux, and of all that party, he was the only one who had survived.

The songs, and the excitement, and the sight of all these old soldiers had worked on Mr. Jeams, too. Cigarette smoke was in layers now, weaving slowly back and forth, rising and falling. The reedy wail of a plugged cornet in the orchestra was no longer jazz, but a trumpet, far away in the fog, that blew "first call," the tapping of the drum a machine gun, hidden in the thickets, and the crash of the bass drum the exploding of grenades thrown by those who would silence it.

Jeams clenched his fist. He saw, not the rolling, heaving layers of cigarette smoke, but the rolling, heaving hills of the Argonne, desolate, barren, stretching away beyond the Meuse to Liny-devant-Dun and Brandeville, where distant guns twinkled like sparks. Before him a forbidding wood, black through the driving rain, and in between a field where Death swept back and forth his scythe. The enemy that were in that wood were not awaiting his attack; he was awaiting theirs, and his men had no ammunition.

The lights in the restaurant went out, indicating that there would be another entertainment number. A red spotlight flashed on, through which the layers of smoke rolled and billowed. Then, as the guest waited expectantly, there was a confusion of sound.

"Tumult without." Haha! This was going to be good. The tumult swelled, there were cries in French, protests, and a good strong American voice calling. The audience laughed softly, murmuring with anticipation. Those near the entrance murmured also, but in a different tone. They could hear what that strong American voice was saying, and it was not language that was used in public even in Paris.

"Leggo that bridle, kraut! Kick 'em in the jaw! That's what hobnails got iron toes for!"

Mr. Jeams gasped. "Where's Shrimp?"



he demanded suddenly. Shrimp's chair was empty, but in the roar of laughter his question was unheard.

The cries swelled, there was a smack of blows, the crash of broken wood, and that American voice shouting its war cry. A thunder of hoofs, a clatter, the curtain at the entrance was torn aside, and into the red glare of the spotlight pranced a horse, thin, bent, broken-kneed, drawing behind him one of those ancient barouches that are still to be seen in Paris, and bearing on his back a disheveled man. The spotlight fell upon his face. It was Shrimp Marvin.

"Gang up!" he shouted. "Here's your ammunition!"

He swayed, and clutched at the harness to steady himself. "'Ray for the fightin' Ivy boys!" he choked.

The restaurant exploded into thunderous cheers.

Jeams arose hurriedly and leaped across the floor to Marvin's side. This thing was likely to turn to tragedy at any moment. Shrimp, not himself, must have stolen that horse from the stand in front of LaFarge's. The climb up the steps to the restaurant was a climb up a steep hill, protesting waiters and doormen were Germans to be kicked in the face or ridden down, a swift gallop across the open country of the entrance, through the wood and brush of tables, palms and curtains, and then to halt at last amid the thundering cheers of the welcoming infantry!

"Good boy, Shrimp!" shouted Jeams above the clamor. "But now come off that horse! You're hit!"

"I know it!" muttered Shrimp, then fell sideways into Jeams' outstretched arms.

A waiter and Jeams, bearing Shrimp between them, waited at the door for Jeams' car. Beside them, Mrs. Jeams, tearful.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she moaned. "The Montagues were there, and the Avenidas! They saw him with us! We'll never be able to live this down!"

"It's your fault!" snapped her husband. "You put it into his head talking about his ribbon. Well, that's how he got it. He brought a combat wagon full of ammunition through half the German army, riding the lead mule, and he as full of holes as a skimmer!"

The car rolled up, and into it they gently lowered Shrimp, then next his wife, to take his head upon her shoulder, then Mrs. Jeams. Mr. Jeams paused to give the waiter who had helped him some gratuity. An excited voice from within.

"Has he gone? Has Mr. Jeams gone?" Then appeared LaFarge, hands waving.

"Ah, yes," thought Jeams, "he'll be after his damages. Trust him for that. Well, I don't care, it was worth it."

"Mr. Jeams!" cried LaFarge, seizing the other's arm. "He was your friend who rode that horse? Yes? Tell him for me, will you, that if he will do that stunt—" he waved his hand toward the restaurant that still rocked with shouts and laughter, "that if he will do that stunt every night while the Legion is here, I will give him a thousand francs a night!"

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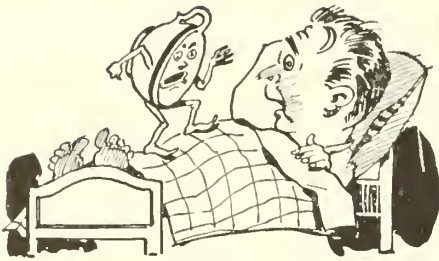
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# It's Still Baseball

(Continued from page 11)



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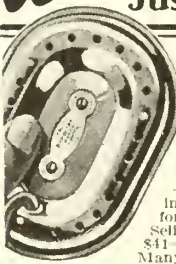
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The hit-and-run, the double steal and even the simple stealing of second base have been almost in the discard since Babe Ruth set the fashion of whaling home runs and the lively ball gave everybody a chance to do something in that line. But I think they're coming back, at least some of those bits of strategy. When our players succeeded in stealing bases from Mickey Cochrane of the Athletics in the World Series last fall they brought that good old custom back with a bang, and I shouldn't be surprised to see it tried by every team this season as it used to be tried when Ty Cobb was in his prime. The slight changes made in the ball last season helped the pitcher a whole lot, and there will probably be a good many close games this season. In a pitcher's battle the old methods of a team's working for a single run an inning can't be beat.

An important change in the business end of baseball has been the development of the farm system, in which our club, the St. Louis Nationals, has taken a leading part. In baseball language a farm is a minor league team that is owned by a major league club. It is used as a training ground for young players who are on the way up to the big show, or for the seasoning of men who have been up and couldn't quite stand the pace. The St. Louis team's owners, who last year had nine of these minor league teams in the various classifications, have been accused of setting up "chain store" and "syndicate" baseball. I suppose that to our critics this means we have taken an unfair advantage of somebody.

But have we? So far as the other major league clubs are concerned they have had and still have the same opportunity we did. Few of them own more than one minor league club, although the New York Yankees, I see, are spending something like a million dollars in acquiring four of them. Most of the major league owners don't seem to want to bother with a lot of teams, and while I don't consider that they've taken the best course they certainly know all the good points of the system, which lets us out. So far as the players on our teams are concerned, those in St. Louis know that so long as they can produce the

stuff it doesn't matter how many or how few minor league teams we own. The farm players for their part know that they're being watched all the time for the marks of ability that will send them up to the big time and the big money, and that nothing can stop them if they've got the goods. And the fans in a farm city know that we own no other team in that particular league, and that if three or four of their players develop spectacularly in a season those players will stay right there for the balance of the season, no matter how much St. Louis or another team may need them. The St. Louis team's ownership also means a better financial background for the minor league team—and finances are the rock on which minor league teams split more than anything else.

I think Branch Rickey, who as vice-president of the St. Louis club is in charge of its farm policy, has put our club ten years ahead of the others. Last season our club maintained the following farms, no two of them in a given league: Class AA leagues, Rochester and Columbus; Class A, Houston; Class B, Greensboro, North Carolina, Danville, Illinois, and Elmira, New York; Class C, Stockdale, Pennsylvania, and Springfield, Missouri; Class D, Keokuk, Iowa.

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
St. Louis	Philadelphia
New York	New York
Chicago	Washington
Brooklyn	Cleveland
Pittsburgh	Boston
Boston	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Detroit
Philadelphia	Chicago

Of the present World's Champions, all except Frisch and Gonzales have come up to us from the teams which the club owns in the minor leagues. They are still young, these players of ours, but they've had the experience that means steadiness in the heat of a championship battle. Pepper Martin happens to be an outstanding example. Don't think that Pepper was just a flash in the pan. He's a player of spirit who is going to do fine work this year, though of course he won't be as spectacular in the long run of the season's play as he was in that short series that was so all-important to us. Pepper and his fellow players have no inferiority complex because they came from baseball farms. They're on their toes. Watch them go this season. If the other teams in the National League and the pennant winners in the American League couldn't stop them last year, I don't see how anybody is going to stop them in 1932.



# Quick-Freeze Magic

(Continued from page 4)

The earliest beginnings of any important commercial use of mechanical refrigeration go back two generations or so. As far back as the 1870's enterprising German brewers employed it to inaugurate year-round production of *Maerz* (March) beer, so-called because traditionally it could only be drawn in the spring from the superior brews of the late months of winter. In the early 1890's chilled and frozen beef and mutton transported in refrigerated ships from America and Australia and the Argentine, began to figure as an item in world commerce. Plants for the freezing of white fish, pike and lake trout were erected on the shores of the Great Lakes.

But in the past, with such foods as have been frozen for storage, it has been the practice to apply the cold gradually. Meats, poultry and fish—and these are the foods to which the freezing process has been mainly confined—were placed in a refrigerated compartment kept at a temperature somewhat below zero and left there for a matter of days or weeks until thoroughly frozen. Thereafter it was possible to preserve them at a temperature somewhat higher, though still well below freezing.

By the new process the freezing is done in two hours or less. Special apparatus has been designed for the purpose. The filet of haddock, the cut of sirloin, or whatever it may be, is wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane and neatly packaged. Then with others of its kind it is placed on a belt conveyor or apron made of monel metal. On this it is carried into an intensely cold freezing tunnel. Here jets of refrigerated brine, reduced to a temperature of fifty degrees below zero, spray against the conveyor apron from below while another apron, also of monel metal and similarly refrigerated, presses down upon the package, gently but firmly, from above. Thus, through the monel metal, the intense cold given up by the sprayed brine penetrates the packaged product very quickly, coming at it as it does from above and from below simultaneously. And while the package itself never touches the brine the frost penetrates it in a fraction of the time formerly required.

But the saving of time is only an incidental advantage. Quick freezing at the low temperatures thus made possible forms small frost crystals. These do not have such a tendency to burst or break down the minute cells of which all animal and vegetable matter is composed as do the larger crystals that are formed when freezing takes place slowly. Some foods can be quick-frozen without any injury whatever to the cell formation, and in other cases it is so slight as to be negligible. Since the walls of the cells are not harmed there is no change in the food's physical composition or escape of natural juices and aromas. And quick freezing has made it

possible to employ refrigeration for the preservation of a greater variety of foods and to preserve food in good condition for longer periods than was formerly possible.

Food thus preserved may be prepared ready for the table at the source of supply or packing just as is canned food, the main difference being that while some of the qualities of canned foods are changed by the excess cooking process to which they must be subjected, quick-frozen foods are preserved in virtually their natural state. Thus Oregon raspberries or peas may be picked in their most desirable stage of ripeness, quick frozen, then kept, if need be, for as long as nine months or a year, and yet reach the consumer in all the perfection in which they came from the field.

One of the best illustrations of the economies that may result from the quick freezing of food is in the case of spinach. Spinach from the great truck ranches of Texas and the eastern seaboard is commonly put up for market in bushel hampers. These have to be packed loosely in the box cars in which they are shipped in order to permit ventilation. There is a certain amount of spoilage in transportation. The grocer or marketman expects to stand a loss of from fifteen to thirty-five percent while he has spinach in stock. And finally the housewife has to discard as waste about a third of what reaches her.

Now let us see by way of comparison what the quick-freezing way of handling this product is like. The grower has to take more pains in packing it, as it is sorted, washed and all stalks and inedible leaves removed. It is then put into compact little containers the size of a candy box (holding just about enough for the average family's needs) before it is shipped. Then it is quick-frozen. And with that the savings begin. First, in freight rates. In terms of edible spinach ten times as much can be loaded into one car. Spoilage en route and in the hands of the retail distributor is entirely eliminated. When the modern maidless, cookless housewife gets it home all she has to do is dump it into the pot and add seasoning. The bane of every mother and housewife—washing spinach—has thus been eliminated. It cooks in about half the time required for "fresh" spinach. To cap the climax it has the eating qualities of the freshest spinach and a more dependable quality can be maintained than in the case of the fresh vegetable.

The cooking time with most quick-frozen vegetables is about half of that normally required. With meats the frozen product requires precisely the same time for cooking. No thawing out is necessary. The steak or chop, or whatever it may be, can be put on to cook at once.

The former attitude toward the use of cold storage was all too much that of a means for stowing away unmarketable, and often more or less (Continued on page 64)



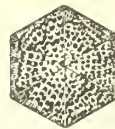
## FISH? SURE!

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### AGENTS

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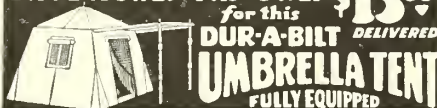
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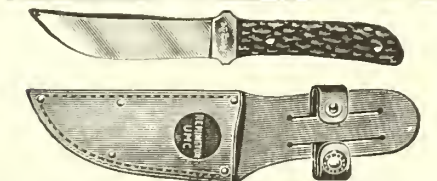


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# Quick-Freeze Magic

(Continued from page 63)

undesirable surpluses until such time as demand might develop. So far as refrigeration makes it possible to hold products in a glutted market, this is a legitimate and also an economic use of it. But science and common sense as well demand that refrigeration be applied as forethought rather than as after-thought. Someone has put it thus: That formerly the custom was to

freeze to save; now it is to save to freeze.

One of the present developments is the installation of quick-freezing equipment at canneries where it can be applied to the choicest of the harvest of fruits and vegetables. A small unit transportable on a motor truck has been developed which makes it possible to quick-freeze near the farm many products.

# Building As Usual

(Continued from page 35)

Washington was but 22 when he commanded four hundred provincial troops from Virginia and South Carolina in the first co-operative movement of the colonies against a common foe. Outnumbered by 1600 French and Indians Washington and his men put up so valiant a defense that the French commander three times asked for a parley. "At midnight both sides agreed to retire without molestation," Washington himself reported.

Congress has authorized the erection of a monument at Fort Necessity and the State of Pennsylvania has purchased the old Washington farm of 334 acres and will make a park of it. This land was bought by Washington in 1769 for fifteen pounds, attesting his interest in his first battleground. The fort to be reconstructed by the Pennsylvania Legionnaires will be dedicated on July 3d, the anniversary of the battle, and the ceremony will be an outstanding event of the Washington Bicentennial program.

Charles A. Gebert of Tamaqua, Past Commander of the Pennsylvania Department, has been in charge of the raising of funds for the reconstruction of the fort. Richard Coulter of Greensburg is general chairman of the Fort Necessity Memorial Association.

## Army Clothing for Posts

NATIONAL Adjutant James F. Barton has notified all Departments that surplus army clothing is now obtainable at very low prices, under certain restrictions, for the use of American Legion posts and other organizations in their relief activities. The clothing has been provided under an agreement between Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, and the House Military Affairs Committee. It is believed that surplus clothing sufficient for 1,500,000 persons is on hand in army depots, but there are shortages of certain articles such as shoes.

Prices are as follows: caps, 10 cents; woolen underwear, 20 cents; shoes, 25 cents; gloves, 10 cents; flannel mittens, 2 1/2 cents; overcoats, \$1; leggings, 5 cents; wool socks, 3 cents; reclaimed wool breeches, 12 1/2 cents. Legion posts or other organizations

must pay transportation costs. Regulations for obtaining the clothing provide that requests must first be certified by the Governor of the State, who will transmit the order to the nearest Army Corps Area Commander, who, in turn, will send it to the War Department. The clothing will be shipped from the nearest of the fifteen Q. M. C. depots.

## Community Museum

TIME was when the river valleys of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were natural museums of the American Indian. The earliest settlers found in bottom land meadows and forests the stone axes and arrowheads of tribal huntsmen, the mortars and pestles and the ceremonial stones of vanished generations of redskins. In other States also these relics were found, but the region between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi seems to have been most thickly sown with the reminders of the early inhabitants.

Marissa (Illinois) Post has accumulated one of the country's largest collections of Indian relics through the efforts of three Legionnaire amateur archeologists, Frank A. Finger, August E. Pustmueller and Otto B. Engelman, and its hall is now a community museum. The three collectors have been gathering Indian relics since early boyhood. Each year they pool the specimens newly acquired and divide them. Engelman's collection is the one kept in the Legion hall. It contains 150 axes, thirty spades, 200 flint and stone celts, thirty discoids, twelve hematite plummets, two mortars and pestles, one boat stone and six ceremonial stones. All the relics were found in the Kaskaskia River valley. The three collectors obtained most of their specimens by canvassing farm-houses in the valley.

## Roll Call

EVERETT B. MORRIS, who wrote "Ride 'Em, Outboard!" for this issue, is a charter member of New Bedford (Massachusetts) Post . . . Gabby Street (he signed the payroll as Charles E.) is a member of Robert S. Thurman Post of Joplin,



Missouri . . . Claude M. Bristol belongs to Portland (Oregon) Post . . . Robert Ginsburgh is a member of Black Diamond Post of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania . . . Leonard H. Nason helped found Moses Taylor Post of Northfield, Vermont, and is now a member of Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts . . . Mark T. McKee is a member of Mount Clemens (Michigan)

Post and was formerly chairman of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee . . . Dr. Philip B. Matz, chief of the Research Division of the Medical and Hospital Service, Veterans Administration, belongs to Sergeant Jasper Post of Washington, D. C. . . Stetson Clark is a member of Advertising Men's Post of New York City.  
PHILIP VON BLON

## A New York Girl Who Made Good

(Continued from page 25)

and Miss Werlé were married at the Beekman Hill Church of her girlhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams made their home in New York City. Mr. Williams, busy with many affairs, did not give up his attachment to Company I of the Ninth New York Regiment, and Mrs. Williams, in addition to varied social activities, became interested in the Auxiliary to her husband's post of the United Spanish War Veterans.

WHEN Mr. Williams sailed overseas with his old New York National Guard outfit, which was to serve in the A. E. F. as Battery B of the 43d Artillery, C. A. C., he carried two photographs. One was the picture of Mrs. Williams, who was serving as President of the New York Department of the Auxiliary of the United Spanish War Veterans. The other was the picture of Thelma Elisabeth Williams, his schoolgirl daughter, today the wife of Thomas Jefferson Herbert, 2d, of New York City. Sergeant Williams wrote to his wife and daughter before his outfit entered action at St. Mihiel, and in the Meuse-Argonne, and the letters he received told what women at home were doing to help win the war. For one thing, the Spanish War Auxiliary of New York, under Mrs. Williams' leadership, had bought an ambulance and sent it to France, where it was carrying American wounded.

When the war ended, Mrs. Williams joined the corps of women who met the incoming transports loaded with wounded men. As she went about her work, she was torn by anxiety. As she passed down the lines of stretchers, she feared she might find on one of them her own husband. She had had no word from him since September, and then he had written from a rest camp close to the front while he was momentarily expecting orders that would send him back into battle. Those were the days of lost mail. Sergeant Williams' corps had been in the hardest of the final battles. Almost two months of peace had passed and still no letter, no word.

Just before Christmas it came—a telegram. Mr. Williams had landed at Norfolk. He was well. But war's anxiety was not yet over for Mrs. Williams. There came another message. Her husband was being held in his camp which was under quarantine because of spinal meningitis.

More days of uncertainty. But at last came the joyous homecoming.

In the dark hours of uncertainty and anxiety, Mrs. Williams had found inspiration for her future work for disabled service men. In 1920 she was elected National President of the National Auxiliary of the United Spanish War Veterans. In that year she was in Albany to present testimony to a committee of the State Legislature drawing up a measure for service men when she met a group of Legionnaires from Troy, New York. At their invitation, she journeyed to Troy and addressed a meeting of women. Out of this meeting came the Auxiliary unit of Noble Callahan Post of The American Legion in Troy, with Mrs. Williams as Honorary President and charter member. Later she was an advisor during the organization of the New York Department of The American Legion Auxiliary. In 1921 she organized the Knickerbocker Unit in New York City, and for three years she was its President.

Mrs. Williams became Department Vice President in 1925. In the three following years she served the Department as Parliamentarian, after which she was again elected Department Vice President. She was elected President of the Department in 1929. During 1929, Mrs. Williams was New York's member of the National Executive Committee, and during this year she served on the National Child Welfare Committee. When she was elected National President at the Detroit National Convention, she was chairman of the Auxiliary's National Child Welfare Committee and was directing the organization's nation-wide activities for the dependent children of World War veterans.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams now live in Tuckahoe, a beautiful suburban community in the hills of Westchester County, eighteen miles from New York City. Mr. Williams is captain commanding Battery E of the 244th Field Artillery of the New York National Guard, the outfit with which he has now served more than thirty years. Mrs. Williams presided recently at the National Defense Conference held at Washington, D. C., under the auspices of The American Legion Auxiliary. Her pleas for the maintenance of the country's power for national defense had the added force of consistent family devotion to that principle.

## SLEEP TONIGHT



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# Gangway for the Coal Run!

(Continued from page 41)

maps, official orders and other material.

The librarian, H. Foster, reports that the Museum already contains gift copies of histories of the 7th, 28th, 29th, 33d, 37th, 42d and 77th American divisions, and that an effort is being made to obtain copies of histories of other American divisions and smaller units, as well as war memoirs of any kind. Veterans' organizations which desire to present copies of their histories may address Mr. Foster in care of the Imperial War Museum, South Kensington, S. W. 7, London, England.

**AGAIN** we broadcast the appeal of some three-dozen posts for early copies of The American Legion Weekly needed to complete their official files of the magazine. By "early" copies we mean those of Volume I, which covered the period from July 4, 1910, until the end of that year, and the first half of Volume II, covering the period through June, 1920.

We know that the number of these early copies distributed was limited—but surely now in spring house-cleaning time, some of the veteran Legionnaires may run across a few of these early numbers and will be glad to have them used where they will do a lot of good. Please send the copies you find to the Company Clerk, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS** of reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations will be listed provided information regarding them is sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks before the month in which the activity is scheduled. Limited bulletin board facilities sometimes make it necessary to withhold all notices except those which are timely. Detailed information regarding the activities announced may be obtained from the men whose names and addresses are given.

Portland, Oregon, where the Legion national convention will be held, September 12th to 15th, will see plenty of reunions. Following are the meetings and proposed meetings of which we have notice:

12TH INF.—Former officers and men interested in proposed convention reunion. H. J. Friedman, 1170 Sandy blvd., Portland, Ore.

VETERANS OF THE 31ST RAILWAY ENGINEERS, A. E. F.—F. E. Love, secy-treas., 113 First Av., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

39TH RAILWAY ENGRS.—B. E. Ryan, secy., 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

60TH ENGRS. (RY. OPER.)—First reunion. L. H. Foord, 3314 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

23d ENGRS., Co. F, Truck Co. 4, 2d BN. Hq.—John H. D. Smith, Orondo, Wash., or Robt. Z. Beacom, editor, The Squeak, Wendell, Penn.

TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Nicholas Salowich, Pres., 1401 Barlum Tower, Detroit, or C. H. Lewellen, 4865 Newport av., Detroit.

93d AERO SQDRN.—John W. Schmalz, Harbine, Nebr.

656TH AERO SUPPLY SQDRN.—Veterans of battles of Quay di Chiehy, Pruniers, Romorantin and Libourne, interested in convention reunion, write to J. M. Panck, Amity, Ore.

880TH AERO SQDRN.—A. J. Evers, 619 Flatsop av., Portland, Ore.

S. O. L. SOCIETY—A. E. F. Masonic special degree. All former members and Masons report to Charles F. Irwin, adjt. gen., Rural Valley, Pa., to obtain information regarding reunion during convention.

U. S. S. Nicholson—Proposed convention reunion. John L. Murphy, 870 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

Timely notices of activities independent of the Legion national convention follow:

THIRD DIV.—Annual convention, Fort Wayne, Ind., July 14-17. Ray W. Vail, 522 Packard av., Fort Wayne.

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC. OF N. Y.—Annual dinner, Hotel Brevoort, New York City, May 14. Carlton E. Dunn, 59 E. 9th st., New York City.

FIFTH DIV. SOCIETY, NEW JERSEY CAMP—Resident 5th Div. men report to William Teitelbaum, 645 Adams av., Elizabeth, N. J.

SEVENTH DIV.—All of autographed edition of the Seventh Division History have been sold. Limited number of regular edition at five dollars available. Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

10TH DIV. ADV. SCHOOL DET. (28TH, 29TH and 30TH F. A.)—Former members interested in letter reunion, address W. A. Blackburn, Herington Sun, Herington, Kans.

26TH (YANKEE) DIV.—Annual convention and reunion, Portland, Maine, June 17-19. Louis A. Donahue, chmn., convention committee, 5 Kicker Park, Portland.

27TH DIV.—Reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 20-22. Veterans not on roster of 27th Div. Assoc., write for copy of The Orion Messenger. C. P. Lenart, secy., Capitol P. O. Box 11, Albany, N. Y.

29TH DIV. ASSOC., CALIFORNIA BRANCH—Resident 29th Div. veterans report to William Rubsamen, 5014 Mt. Royal drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

29TH (BLUE and GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion at Norfolk, Va., during Sept. Fairfield H. Hodges, pres., 107 W. Main st., Norfolk, or H. J. Lepper, secy., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

42d (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—Annual reunion at Los Angeles, Calif., July 13-15. Men not receiving Rainbow Reveille, address Fred R. Kerlin, 1021 Van Nuys bldg., Los Angeles.

30TH DIV.—Photographs of officers, Camp Sevier, training scenes, parades, home-coming, etc., wanted for history of division by E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark.

78TH DIV.—Smoker aboard S. S. Leviathan, Pier 86, W. 46th St., New York City, Apr. 23. (Postponed from Feb. date.) John Kennedy, 208 W. 19th St., New York City.

82ND DIV. ASSOC. OF N. Y.—Annual reunion dinner, Rosoff's, 147 W. 43d st., New York City, Apr. 30. Maurice Kleinbard, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

105th INF.—Reunion during Y. D. convention, June 17-19, Portland, Me. E. K. Hale, Lisbon Falls, Me.

354TH INF.—Copies regimental history available for fifteen cents postage, only, through Thos. F. Coleman, 3537 Bell av., St. Louis, Mo.

110TH INF., Co. F, 28th Div.—To revise mailing list of the Courmont Club, former members please send names and addresses to W. Earl Oakes, Clymer, Pa.

31st F. A. BRIG. Hq.—Reunion, Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass., May 1. G. A. Livesey, 268 Broad st., Providence, R. I.

148TH F. A. BTRY. E.—To complete roster, report to R. S. Mentzer, 411 Hynds bldg., Cheyenne, Wyo.

FIRST ARMY ART. PARK, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion. Frank W. Smith, 436A City Hall, San Francisco, Calif.

301st F. S. BN.—Reunion dinner, Hotel Garde, Hartford, Conn., May 14. David H. Gorman, 541 Sea st., Quincy, Mass.

FIFTH U. S. ENGRS.—Proposed organization and reunion. W. T. McWilliams, Blue Springs, Mo.

308TH ENGRS.—Reunion, Sloane Hotel, Sandusky, Ohio, Aug. 6-7. F. J. Ritzenthaler, Sandusky.

309TH STP. TRN., Co. F—Sixth annual reunion, Spink-Arms Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 13-14. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

13TH AERO SQDRN.—Second reunion, Newport, Oregon, Sept. 9-11. E. B. Smith, Natl. Comdr., P. O. Box 154, Los Banos, Calif.

83d AERO SQDRN.—To complete roster. E. W. Clark, ex-1st class, Box M-72, Sioux City, Iowa.

WOMEN OF BASE HOSP. No. 44—Reunion, Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Mass., Apr. 16. Miss Anna Maxwell, 196 Allston st., Brighton, Mass.

146TH F. H., 112th SAN. TRN., 37th Div.—Reunion, Sherman Memorial Armory, Lancaster, Ohio, Apr. 9. R. W. Llewellyn, 134 W. Weber rd., Columbus, Ohio.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLDATS DE VERNEUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS 1, 2 and 3, M. T. C. 327)—Fourth reunion, Midland Club, 172 W. Adams st., Chicago, Ill., Apr. 2. B. C. Peterson, Jr., 920 Arlington st., La Grange, Ill.

406TH M. S. T.—Reunion in Portland, Ore., date to be announced. Robert R. Morgan, P. O. Box 207, Sta. A, Palo Alto, Calif.

FIRST BN. TRENCH ART., BTRY. A—Reunion during April. Thomas R. Powers, 216 W. 99th st., New York City.

**WHILE** we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600



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Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

**NAVAL AIR STATION, North Island, San Diego, Calif.**—Affidavit required from Chief UNGER who went to station hospital at same time with Arthur C. JACKS who is endeavoring to establish disability claim. They were on this station during 1918 and part of 1919.

**U. S. S. Lake Clear**—Former members of crew, especially Howard CHASTANT, Edw. G. McCoy, Henry THAME and Pat BANEY, who remember W. E. (Slim) LAUBER being struck on arm by ash hoist weight, while serving on this ship.

**19TH ENGRS., AND 314TH INF., 79TH DIV.**—Statements from George PABST, 19th Engrs., and Philip RAMEY, 314th Inf., 79th Div., wanted by William W. HOOVER.

**AIR SERV., American and British Armies**—Lena GRAY wants to locate Major Cecil N. Ogg, who served with Air Service of British Army and later transferred to American Army.

**805TH LABOR BN., St. Nazaire, France**—Statements from former officers and men, who recall Pvt. John WASHINGTON being severely gassed from leaky cylinder while unloading gas cylinders from hold of a ship at Dock 4. Detail in charge of Lt. JERRY, 1st Sgt. WHITE, ex-10th Cavalry, also present. Washington spent months in Base Hosp. at St. Nazaire. He is now practically blind.

**Q. M. C., Camp Mayes, Washington, D. C., and Laundry units at Camp Meade, Md.**—Former officers and men, including Lts. RUSSELL and FRY who recall disability of Willis S. CASH of 342d Mob. Laundry Unit.

**U. S. S. Housatonic**—Former members of crew, including George HEINNEY, George BRADICH, Howard CONLEY, Chief Boatswain PETERSON, who recall injury to Joe HICKS when a mine struck him aboard ship, crushing his leg and foot.

**28TH INF., Co. E**—Information wanted regarding Henry W. SPIVEY, who enlisted Sept. 27, 1916, and deserted Oct. 27, 1917, while member of Co. E, 28th Inf. Age at time of enlistment, 17 years; 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, heavy stature. Home address: R. F. D. No. 1, Lakeview, S. C. His mother desires statements from former comrades.

**U. S. S. Christabel**—Former members of crew, especially Pharmacist Mate SELLER and Chief Machinist Mate HINES, who recall disability suffered by Glen M. WEATHERFORD.

**309TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., Co. D**—Former officers and men, including Capt. Frank SHIRK, Sgts. CUBINE, COOPER and KELLY, and Fred BERRY (all of Ind. or Ky.) who recall James H. MARTIN suffering from trachoma during war. Martin is now almost blind.

**312TH SUP. CO. at Gievres, France, or Jacksonville, Fla.**—Former members, especially COLEMAN, can assist widow of Cpl. Francis ("Cleeve") CLEVELAND, formerly of Lynn, Mass., in establishing claim, by giving affidavits to prove service connection of his disability which resulted in death.

**7TH F. A.**—Former members, especially 1st Sgt. Charles KOENIG, to assist Arthur E. CHILD in establishing disability claim.

**18TH INF., Co. L, 1st Div.**—Former members who recall Frank HARVEY (in army service from 1911 to 1919) who sustained injury to ear drum in fighting near Soissons, was gassed, and wounded by high explosive shell Oct. 4, 1918, in Argonne offensive, and contracted rheumatism from exposure. Affidavits needed in support of claim.

**605TH ENGRS.**—William E. FRASHER, Pvt. 1st cl., Med. Det., 605th Engrs., or 1st Lt. M. H. MOORE, Dental Corps, on detached service, or anyone of Hq. Co., 605th Engrs., at Veuxhalles, France, who remember Regt. Sup. Sgt. Byrd H. FRANKLIN, who had dental work done by Lt. Moore in Feb., 1919.

**RICE, John Luther**—Musician 2d cl., Arkansas Volunteer Inf., from May 14, 1898, to Feb. 25, 1899—also in World War, Army serial number 2,082,839. Information regarding this veteran, whose wife has information that he was found dead in Okla. or Tex. during early part of 1929.

**54TH PIONEER INF., Co. D**—Statements from former officers, including Capt. Jerome HOWARD and Lt. James WASSON, and men who recall illness contracted by Olaf HULTKRAUS while aboard the *Duca d'Aosta* en route to France. Condition aggravated by hikes, etc., in France, and he entered hospital upon reaching Coblenz, Germany, Dec. 22, 1918.

**JACQUES, Elbridge**, 35 years old, 5 ft. 5 in., 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, light gray suit with stripe, light colored top coat, low tan shoes, regulation taxi driver's cap. Veteran 42d Co., 151st D. B. Operated "Jack's Taxi" in Lewiston, Maine. Received call 7:45 p.m., Oct. 21, 1931, to Maine Central station; next morning cab found abandoned with blood spots on front seat. Tire cover lettered "Jack's Taxi" missing. Information wanted regarding whereabouts.

**1ST F. A., BTRY. D**—Affidavits from former medical officers and members, especially Cpl. Gilbert E. REIDSELER, who recall injury to leg and lower part of body suffered by Pvt. Wilfred M. JOHNSON account being kicked by horse, Ft. Sill, Okla., 1918. Was given light duty in barracks.

**323D INF., Co. D, 81st Div.**—Affidavits from former members to support claim of Waldo E. LOTT for disability suffered in A. E. F.

**10TH PLAT., 3d Co., 13th BATT., C. R. T., CANADIAN FORCES in England and France**—Affidavits from former comrades, particularly Sam LANG and DALLYMOOR (or DALLYMORE) who recall Joseph William OSBORNE suffering with influenza, combined with defective hearing during spring of 1918, when he was sent back from Conteville, France, for examination.

**103D ENGRS., Co. A**—Statements from medical officers and men who recall (Continued on page 68)

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# Gangway for the Coal Run!

(Continued from page 67)

Marks PETERS having been treated for varicose veins in company infirmary.

32D ENGRS., Co. B, on detached service with 18TH ENGRS., Co. D, at Bassens, France—Affidavits required by L. G. (Tank) ROGERS from former members, particularly Albert PARLIN, formerly of Denver, KUHLMAN of Peoria, Woods of Cheyenne, PACKARD and STEWART of California, the "Wop" from the Michigan Central, ADAMS, the "Battle Axe" and all other Swedes from Minnesota, in support of his claim.

623D AERO SQDRN., Waco, Tex., 1918—Affidavits from medical officers and men attached to this outfit, in support of claim of Fred O. SCHRAEDER.

13TH INF., Co. E—Affidavits from former members, especially Cpl. SUTTLE (of Okla.) who recall Harold TAPP being taken to hospital at Camp Mills, L. I., Nov. 26, 1919, suffering with flu. Now has heart leakage.

21ST F. A., BTRY. A—Statements from former officers and men who recall total disabilities suffered by Clarence M. ANDERSON in 1918. Claims now has bronchitis, broken neck, diabetes, eye and nose trouble.

162D M. G. BN., 42d Div.—Statements from former officers and men, including Capt. IVERS, 1st Lt. CRANE, 1st Sgt. Frank MILLER and Horse-shoer John FARREL in support of claim of Thomas B. SCOTT.

BASE HOSP. 131, Mars-sur-Allier, France—Former medical officers, including Capt. William L. JACKSON (formerly of Tacoma, Wash.) who recall having treated Charles A. SNYDER.

HQ. BN., Co. D, G. H. A., A. E. F.—Affidavits from two medical officers, and Sgt. DAVIS, M. C., (later commissioned) who witnessed collapse of LeRoy E. TIEDEMAN in hospital at Camp Rochambeau, St. Pierre des Corps, France, and attended him for remittent or paratyphoid fever during Sept., 1918. Also statement from Sgt. MEADE (formerly 26th Div.), section chief of 89th Div., who remembers illness of TIEDEMAN while on duty at Camp de Grasse and Camp Rochambeau, France.

328TH INF., 3d BN. 11q.—Statements from officers and men who recall Thomas Francis WARD being kicked by a horse, in lines near Toul or Marbache Sector, France, June or July, 1918.

109TH AMMUN. TRN., Camp Cody, N. M.—Affidavits from former officers and men, including Lt. Harry J. WINTERS, Teamster Herman LUTZ, and the Lt. medical officer, who remember disability to H. E. WINCHELL, who collapsed while standing retreat during spring of 1918.

STANLEY, Gilford B.—Physically and mentally affected veteran. Very thin face, high cheek bones, dark brown hair, small mustache 110 lbs., 5 ft. 8 in., very small eyes, Legion card from Owen Post of Auburndale, Fla., barber by trade. Disappeared during Sept., 1931, from Lake City, Fla., in new Chevrolet dark green coach, when presumably en route to hospital at Lake City.

LACAYA, Antonio—Medical officers in charge of hospital requested to advise if this man has been patient under their care any time since Thanksgiving Day, 1922. Regional managers requested to ascertain if he is in any state or municipal hospital or institution for insane. Was mentally disordered when he disappeared.

BASE HOSP. No. 86, Oct. 6 to Nov. 28, 1918, and BASE HOSP. No. 108, Nov. 29, 1918, to Jan. 28, 1919.—Officers, nurses and patients who recall Cpl. Oscar CORSON, a patient suffering from gas, wounds, influenza and arrested tuberculosis. Now a tubercular patient. Needs assistance to prove total disability at time of discharge, Mar. 26, 1919, to establish insurance claim.

39TH INF., 11q. Co., 4TH DIV., and 342D INF.—Former members who remember Walter LAVER, injured in line of duty at Camp Grant, Ill., and operated upon in Base Hosp., Camp Greene, N. C., for umbilical hernia.

BERTRAM, William Edward.—Information regarding whereabouts of this veteran who disappeared from home July 7, 1921, to adjust claim of Mrs. Emma Marie Bertram. Was suffering from bronchitis or fibrous tuberculosis.

4TH F. A., BTRY. E.—Statement from ex-1st Sgt. Charles KOENIG, to support disability claim of Arthur E. CHILD.

351ST INF., 88TH DIV.—Former members who recall Lt. Robert W. GARDNER having been patient in Base Hosp., Camp Dodge, Iowa, also Maj. BURCH, who operated upon and treated him, Capt. Cox, attending physician, and Capt. Brown who treated him in Annex 52 and Base Hosp., Le Mans, France, Apr. and May, 1919.

306TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. D, 81ST DIV.—Former members who recall injury to Leonard B. LECHTZE (LEXIE) when he fell from high tree in woods at Chatte le Seine, France, July 5, 1919, while attempting to recover German soldier's overcoat hanging in tree. Was treated at first aid station and spine supported with adhesive tape.

31ST INF., Co. G, Apr. 1917, to Apr., 1919, and Det. of M. T. C. 554 (later 664) and Q. M. C.—Men who recall heart trouble suffered by Curtis E. YOUNGS while in service.

GAMBER, Frank, alias Frank SMITH, enlisted Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Dec. 3, 1917, discharged Mar., 1919, re-enlisted same place, Sept. 2, 1919. Missing since 1925 and mother, who thinks he is dead, needs information regarding him in connection with claim.

56TH INF., Co. I, 7TH DIV.—Former members, including Lt. MORGAN, Sgts. KEITH and BREHAN, and Cpl. HALL, can assist Calhitt H. GASKINS with claim.

26TH INF., Co. C, 1ST DIV., A. E. F.—Former mem-

bers who recall leg injury suffered by Pvt. Pasquale GIAMPITRO, Sept. 29, 1918, during Meuse-Argonne offensive. Record of him being gassed, but no record of injury.

U. S. S. Maine.—Statements from former members of crew, including James Joseph (Spike) HENNESSY, a boxer, and Leroy ROSSER, and also from the doctor who lanced ear of Magdaleno C. GONZALES, aboard the ship in Dec., 1917, or early in 1918.

104TH FIELD HOSP., 26TH DIV.—Former officers and men, including C. O., Frank W. STEVENS (Conn.), Benjamin F. HAWKS, attending physician (of Anthony Kans.), Armand P. MONTMING, fellow patient, Mess Sgt. Thomas F. BRENNAN (N. II.) and Timothy R. KEANE (N. II.), who recall Joseph A. GORDON, Pvt., seriously ill with flu.

322D INF., Co. D, 81ST DIV.—Statements from former comrades of Jesse J. HICKS, who died in July, 1931, to establish service-connection of disability for which he had been paid compensation, to assist his widow.

102D INF., Co. C, 26TH DIV.—Former members of 5th or 6th squad, including Pvs. HUTCHINSON, Joe HOWARD and LAZIOUS, and a nurse (from Louisville, Ky.) in Base Hosp., Bordeaux, to assist Jimmy HOUGHINS with claim for disability sustained Oct. 1, 1918, in vicinity of Verdun.

361ST AERO SQDRN.—Statements from former members who knew Capt. Lewis Austin DEVORE, who died in August, 1931, or a Dr. RUTH, who attended him, required in connection with claim.

SAN PEDRO NAVAL TRNG. STA., CALIF.—Former comrades in drum corps who recall fall suffered by Bugler Walter C. JONES, injuring left knee.

HOSP. 2 B, NEVERAY, FRANCE—Fellow patients, especially Tom NOONAN, and staff who recall Arvel LAURENCE who was in hospital from Dec., 1918, to June, 1919.

250TH AERO SQDRN., Ellington Field, Tex.—Roy KELLEY and Lynn HOBSON, who served with Wallace LEIBER from Apr. 1 to July 1, 1918; also Harry BUZZKIRK who served with him in 52d Aero Sqdrn. at Mouse Hold, Eng., in Nov. 1918.

6TH CO., C. A. C., Fort Mills, P. I., 1920—Sgt. Sam CARTER, Cpl. PIERSON and Pvt. James J. O'CONNELL, who served with Henry L. LEWIS can assist with claim.

U. S. S. Mexican, 1918-1919—F. C. STETLER of Minneapolis, fellow flu patient of Oscar LOUIS MASSEY, Jan., 1919, while docked at Hoboken, N. J.; also hospital attendant and doctor. Also George J. CUTLER and Theodore DECKER who with MASSEY had eyes burned from back fire of burners on ship. Also Andy WILLIAMS, Willie MATHEWS, Pat COYNE and other shipmates.

135TH INF., Co. D, Camp Cody, N. M.—Statements from Capt. W. A. BARNICAL, 1st Lt. JOE TRAINER, Pvt. ARTHUR FINNICH and others who recall Grover J. MAYO being in hospital and Osteopath Casual Co. account fallen arches and rheumatism during Apr., May and June, 1918.

115TH ENGRS., Co. A, 40TH DIV.—Former members who remember Elmer OLSON, who enlisted at Denver, Colo.

2D ENGRS., MED. DET., and 15TH F. A., and 36TH INF., MED. DET.—Former officers and men who remember Heator H. PERRY, under treatment in Cen. Hosp. No. 41, Fox Hills, N. Y., account disabilities overseas. Deserted June 26, 1920, courtmartialled after surrender May 29, 1928. Claims loss of memory caused desertion.

14TH ENGRS. (L. R.), Co. B.—Former members including 1st Sgt. R. A. SKANE, Mess Sgt. A. G. MAXHAM, Lts. Albert W. GHOREYEB and Dalles E. ABRAHAM, M. C., Cook V. B. EVANS and Pvt. Cecil E. HAUPT, who recall Edwin H. PHELPS.

68TH INF., Co. F, Sept. 12 to Nov. 11, 1918.—Former members and medical officer, to support claim of William M. STAMWOOD.

73D AERO SQDRN. and 5TH BAL. DET.—Former men and medical officers who recall Jonathan VAN BREMEN, who was removed from Italian S. S. America direct to Naval Base No. 5 and operated upon for blood poisoning of intestines and for appendicitis. Six weeks later, after transfer to 73d Aero Sqdrn., suffered relapse at Colombey-les-Belles.

1ST U. S. CAV. HQ. TROOP, Cheyenne, Wyo.—Former members, including Sgt. RHINEHART, Mess Sgt. JACK GRANT and Cpl. LOVE, who recall injury sustained by Robert WADSWORTH.

328TH INF., 3d BN. 11q.—Former members recalling Thomas Francis WARD being kicked by horse in lines near Toul or Marbache Sector, June or July, 1918.

303D INF., Co. I, 76TH DIV.—Joseph BONNIER requires statements from Maj. PETER of Base Hosp., Camp Devens, Mass.; Capt. ADAMS, M. C.; Frank BARTON of 1st Depot Div. and typist at Chauffeurs' School, France; Lt. DEVLIN, 301st Engrs., Frank STEVENS and Pvt. STANLEY, Co. I, 303d Inf.; M. P. Sgt. in Chimay, France, June-Nov., 1918; Aetg. Sgt. at officers' mess, 1918-1919, and Sgt. GRAY of 1st Depot Div., 1919.

PIGEON SEC. No. 1—Officers and men at Ft. Jay, Governors Island, N. Y., Jan., 1918, and later in France with 1st Pigeon Co., Apr. 26 to Dec., 1918. Serving with 26th, 82d and 92d Divs., who recall Earl J. MYERS, who was sick at Ft. Jay, also at Marne, July-Aug., 1918, and St. Mihiel, Sept.-Oct., 1918.

18TH INF., Co. F—Former members, also doctor known as "Iodine Pete," who recall William T. BENTON suffering from rheumatism in A. E. F.

334TH INF., Co. K, Camp Sherman, Ohio—J. C. ROACH requires statement from Frederick GAHR, ex-cook.



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NAME.....

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APRIL, 1932

7TH INF., Co. H, Camp Greene, N. C.—Former members, including Eddy DAVIS, Vernon DAMRON, STALLINGS, SGTs. GAYNOIR, KRAUSE, DIMMICK and KIDD, JACK GLADDINGS, and Nurse O'LEARY, to assist Frank DESKINS with claim.

PORT ONTARIO, Oswego, N. Y.—Doctor BURNS of Ft. Ontario; also Neilson McLEAN, who served in A. E. F. with Thomas O. BURKE, deceased, to assist latter's mother in establishing insurance claim.

162d M. G. Bn., 41st Div.—Statements from former members, including Capt. Edward J. EIVERS, 1st Sgt. Frank O. MILLER and Horse-shoer John FARRELL, to assist Thomas B. SCOTT in establishing claim.

DAVIS, Leotas, served as private, Co. C, 2d Prov. Dy. Bn. Last heard from in St. Louis, Mo., July 18, 1922. Aged mother needs his help.

160TH INF., Co. D, 40TH DIV.—Former members, including Sgts. Truman C. VAN DORN and Byron K. BROWN, and medical officer, who recall heart trouble suffered by Christ E. OLSON while at Camp Kearney, Calif., July 20-25, 1918.

6TH MARINES, 79TH Co.—Former officers and men, and personnel of Base Hosp. No. 8, who recall disability to leg and hip suffered by Harry H. AMELL near Château-Thierry, about Mar. 28, 1918. AMELL went to hospital in Château-Thierry and later to Base No. 8.

BASE HOSP. No. 210, Toul, France—Actg. Co. Comdrs. QUIGLEY, CHAPMAN and others who served under Adj. Capt. Thos. Grier MILLER, during Feb. and Mar., 1919, to assist Floyd H. WALDEN with claim.

26TH INF., Co. G, 1ST DIV.—Former members who served at Soissons, July 18, 1918, and recall disability to Thomas B. IRWIN.

U. S. TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER Robinson, No. 88—Former firemen and tenders, while ship was in President Wilson's convoy, who recall Charles H. J. SILKO having trouble with his ear due to forced draft and being removed to Brooklyn Naval Hosp.

102d INF., Cos. C and D, 26TH DIV.—Members who were taken prisoner by Germans at Seicheprey, France, Apr. 20, 1918, who witnessed a German sentry strike Raymond C. KIRBY on head and body with butt of rifle in prison camp at Darnstadt, Germany, July 18, 1918, can assist in claim. KIRBY also wounded and gassed.

CAMP FREMONT, Calif.—Capt. SMITH and Lt. BACON, Co. D, 62d Inf., and Pvt. Charles HENDERSON, 1st Co., 62d Inf., who remember Pvt. Frank E. KEMP; also Sgt. BLACK, Depot Brig., Fremont, who recalls relieving KEMP from guard duty account foot trouble.

311TH INF., Co. L—Former members, including Capt. W. K. TUCKER, medical lieutenant of Co. L, and Cpl. KNEZEK, who recall lame back suffered by Pvt. Perley D. SANDERS, account which he served as permanent K. P. at Jollyville, France.

U. S. MINE LAYER Shawmut—Former crew who recall Harry E. McCALL suffering with flu while returning from the North Sea in Dec., 1918; also nurse who treated him.

BASE HOSP., Camp Pike, Ark.—Former doctors, nurses (including Miss DIXON or DICKSON, orthopedic aid.) and men who recall William D. McINTYRE, Pvt., Co. C, 344th M. G. Bn., being sent to psychopathic department of hospital for observation. Ward surgeon of wards 25 and 29 was from some Southern State and was on duty about ten days.

RUSSELL, Arthur B.—Veteran, missing. 5 ft. 6 in., brown eyes, slight build, age about 38 or 40; electrician by trade. Last heard from in Ohio, about 1928.

SERV. WATER TANK TRN. No. 302, Co. C—Former comrades can assist Daniel S. McINTYRE with claim.

37TH DIV., Hq. Co.—Affidavits from former members, particularly VAGGHN, WILCOX, RIDLEY, DRUMMOND, and WOLCOTT, to support claim of William MARTIN.

AIR SERV. CAS. DET.—Former members, particularly Pts. HORN and SEAWOLD of Boston, and Pvt. OSTERLAY of New York City, who recall Louis D. KIRK suffering with flu while on leave to Boston from camp at Garden City, L. I., Sept. 1918. KIRK now tubercular.

11TH REGT. MARINES, 5TH DIV.—Former members who recall Edward V. PFEAUF suffering with bad cold upon landing in France and later at Chatillon on the Cher River. Now disabled with bronchitis, pleurisy and arthritis.

U. S. S. Florida—Former crew, especially J. S. BEDFORD, to assist Neill A. COLE with claim, due to injury while assisting move mooring block while in drydock at Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard, Aug. 25, 1917.

16TH AND 28TH INF. REGTS., 1st Div.—Men of either outfit who recall Benjamin A. MILLER, Hq. Co., 16th Inf., attached to 28th Inf. as messenger, being struck by piece of high explosive shell during battle of Cantigny.

U. S. S. Kerowles—Former crew, especially doctor, who remember Elmer DORSETT, fireman, being struck on head by coal bucket.

17TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. B—Former members, especially Sgt. Thomas J. KING, who recall Edmond E. WELDON being relieved from duty in Camp Bowie, Tex., about Oct. 1, 1918, account heart trouble.

113TH INF. JULY AUTOMATIC REPLACEMENT DRAFT Co.—Former members, especially 2d Lt. BARBER and DAVIS or any other man who carried pack of Roscoe V. WARREN when latter fainted and fell out on hike from train to Camp Merritt, before sailing on U. S. S. Korea, Aug. 16, 1918.

BASE HOSP. No. 66, A. E. F.—Former patients, especially men of Co. M, 47th Inf., and one RENECHUT (of Texas and from 166th Inf.), in Gas Ward between Oct. 15 and Dec. 30, 1918, to assist Alois Henry BRENDLE with claim.

JOHN J. NOLL

The Company Clerk

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JUST introduce finest line New Guaranteed Hosiery you ever saw for men, women, children. 126 styles, colors. Must wear 7 months or replaced. Mrs. Gleason, Ga. earned \$23 in one day.

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<b>Reg. CORD Tires</b>	<b>Size Rim Tires Tubes</b>
30x3 \$2.20 .80	29x4.40-21" \$2.30 .95
30x3.5 \$2.25 .85	29x4.60-20" 2.40 .95
31x4 2.95 .95	30x4.60-21" 2.45 .95
32x4 2.95 .95	29x4.75-19" 2.45 1.00
32x4.5 3.20 1.35	29x4.75-20" 2.50 1.00
33x4 2.95 .95	29x5.00-19" 2.55 1.20
33x4.5 3.20 1.35	30x5.00-20" 2.55 1.20
34x4 3.45 1.35	30x5.25-18" 2.55 1.25
30x5 3.60 1.60	29x5.25-19" 2.55 1.25
32x5 3.60 1.60	31x5.25-20" 2.55 1.25
	31x5.25-21" 3.10 1.25
	29x5.50-18" 3.20 1.30
	30x5.50-19" 3.20 1.30
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**GOODRICH Firestone AND OTHER TIRES—ORDER TODAY SAVE MONEY**

**LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY**

You can rely on Chicago's oldest and most reliable rubber company to deliver tire mileage at lowest cost. Thousands of satisfied motorists all over U. S. A. use and boost our standard brand reconstructed tires. Long hard service on toughest roads guaranteed. 12 month written warranty. Bond sent with each tire. \$1000 Insurance Policy free with every order for two tires. Only 1 policy to a customer. Send \$1 Deposit with each tire ordered. Balance C.O.D. If you send cash in full deduct \$5. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at 1/2 price.

**DEALERS WANTED**

**NO MORE BIG TIRE BILLS**

**12 MONTHS SERVICE GUARANTEED**

**ATLAS TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 2254**  
63rd and Morgan Streets, Chicago, Illinois



# Plans That Make Jobs

(Continued from page 31)

**FREE! FREE! TIRE GAUGE**

**NEW LOW PRICES ON GOOD YEAR GOODRICH-U.S.-FIRESTONE FISK AND OTHER TIRES**

**LOWEST Prices on Earth!**

Thousands of satisfied tire users all over the U.S.A. will vouch for the LONG, HARD SERVICE, under severest road conditions of our standard brand tires reconstructed by the ORIGINAL SECRET YARK PROCESS. To introduce this genuine tire value to you, this big responsible company offers, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a modern tire gauge with each 2 tires ordered—now take pressure through side wall of tire in a jiffy—no fume—no dirt. OUR 16 YEARS IN BUSINESS makes it possible to offer tires at LOWEST PRICES in history.

**Guaranteed to give 12 months' service**

**Don't Delay — Order Today**

CORD TIRES		BALLOON TIRES	
Size	Tires Tubes	Size	Tires Tubes
30x33	\$2.20 \$1.00	29x4.40	\$2.08 1.10
30x34	2.25 1.00	29x4.60	2.40 1.15
32x34	2.70 1.15	30x4.60	2.45 1.20
32x35	2.95 1.15	30x4.75	2.45 1.20
32x36	2.95 1.15	30x4.75	2.45 1.20
32x38	2.95 1.15	30x4.85	2.90 1.35
32x40	2.95 1.15	30x5.00	2.95 1.35
32x42	3.20 1.40	30x5.00	2.95 1.35
32x44	3.20 1.40	30x5.25	3.10 1.35
32x46	3.20 1.40	30x5.50	3.20 1.40
32x48	3.20 1.40	30x5.75	3.20 1.40
32x50	3.20 1.40	30x6.00	3.20 1.40
32x52	3.20 1.40	32x6.00	3.20 1.40
32x54	3.20 1.40	32x6.25	3.50 1.65

**DEALERS WANTED**

Send only \$1.00 deposit with each tire ordered. We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 percent if cash in full accompanies order.

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Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.

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**STRANGE IRONING CORD**

**Pays Immense Profits**

Prevents Scorching  
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166% Profit! Hudson made \$75 in 15 minute sale to large Company for telephones. We furnish proof.

H. M. Hay says, "Out of hundreds of Neverknots left on trial have had only two returns. I sold over 80 to one bank."

**New Kind of Cord Set Free**

Every Neverknot Salesman is given free the beautiful De Luxe Neverknot Cord Set (with only Unbreakable Off'n On Plug of its kind in the World) which automatically coils itself out of the way, prevents scorching and saves electric bill.

Every woman buys instantly for it saves its own cost in electricity. It's brand new and yours free if you work for us.

**Important! There is only one Neverknot. Write this Company for exclusive territory, special prices and big free offer.**

**NEVERKNOT CO., Dept. 4-0, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago**

**EARN MONEY AT HOME**

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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**Reduce Your Waistline**

**WRITE TODAY FOR SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER**

THE LITTLE CORPORAL "BLAIRTEX" Belt reduces waistlines quickly and comfortably. Improves appearance. Relieves tired aching backs. Increases energy. Lessens fatigue. No lazers, straps or buckles. **GUARANTEED ONE YEAR.** Satisfaction or your money back.

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committee. Through order of its secretary, who draws a nominal salary, the committee either takes care of them direct, or assigns them to the organization best fitted to handle.

A centrally located supply depot, in charge of Red Cross, accepts clothing and provisions donated, and distributes them, only on order of secretary.

A solicitation committee requested one day's income per month.

Transients get good meals, furnished at half price by restaurants, on order of secretary. The county pays for a part of these. The county also allows our committee to designate a certain number of men for road work each week.

Wood, in long lengths, on a vacant lot in view of the secretary's office, gives employment to many, and furnishes a supply of stove wood for needy ones unable to cut their own. It also serves to shunt the professional loafers out of town.

Transient relief at night is handled by a watchman and a service station attendant, who serves coffee, furnished by an individual, and soup, furnished by a restaurant.

Lodging is given in half of our little-used jail, which has been fitted with bunks, mattresses and blankets. Lodgers are asked to cut some wood in the morning. Up to date, none has refused.

Results: No duplication of effort. Every organization and individual can help as able and willing. Work well distributed. We have been able to answer all calls for aid satisfactorily. **OUR PLAN WORKS!**

## LA GRANGE POST La Grange, Illinois

**THIS** plan is offered for the Aitken award because: 1. It has proved successful since Oct., 1930—a period of fifteen months.

2. It has been adopted as the model for PLAN "A" of the Department of Illinois.

3. It was recently termed by persons experienced in the matter, as adaptable for any community or city, no matter what its size.

The plan embodies: 1—Establishment of a job clearance bureau for all local unemployed, regardless of war experience, sex, or color.

2—Organization of an office open six days a week, with proper telephone connections and direct supervision by six retired local business men whose combined experience will assure proper job allocation as well as assurance of confidence by the community.

3—Promotion of permanent or temporary work by: Constant weekly local newspaper publicity; thorough door-to-door canvass of householders and business concerns alike by temporarily hired Legionnaires able to tell aims and methods

of the bureau; appeals every Sunday from all local pulpits; thorough follow-up telephone campaign done on bi-monthly basis by members of local women's club; similar regular follow-up campaigns to members of local chamber of commerce, Civic Club, Kiwanis Club, fraternal organizations, etc.; periodic issuance of carefully prepared advertising material.

4. Proper supervision of work applicants by: Comprehensive application blank; cards of introduction to co-operating employers; return postcard check-up arrangement to learn caliber of worker and re-action of employer.

5. Co-operation with local government and relief bodies to use special funds for "made work."

## GEORGE N. ALTHOUSE POST Norristown, Pennsylvania

**EACH** American Legion post should have an employment committee. When the committee find that there is an unusual situation in which the entire community is suffering, they should immediately subrogate themselves in the interest of the entire community either by handling the emergency in their own committee as a community project or by working with a community committee.

The community committee should function with a general chairman who should co-ordinate the efforts of the following sub-committees, using the sub-committee chairmen as an Executive Committee: Survey and Registration; Welfare Co-operation; Public Construction; Private Construction; Repairs, Renovations and Improvement; Industrial Employment; Mercantile Establishments; Publicity and Advertising; Rural Committee; Fund Committee; Made-Work Committee.

## H. H. DONKERSLEY POST Yuma, Arizona

**LET'S** send the boys back to the farm. A vast amount of farm land in the Middle West and more or less in other sections has found its way into the hands of large banks and loan institutions chiefly because farmers have let their living depend on the marketing of one commodity.

Many of our unemployed were raised on the farm and others would easily adapt themselves to farm life. An organization could be formed by the national organization of The American Legion to negotiate for large tracts of this bank land, divide them into farms, not large but sufficient in size so that a family by intensive farming could not only feed itself but have produce to sell.

The national organization would also assist the new farmers to purchase horses, cattle, hogs, chickens and other live stock.

Where houses are needed, materials for



a very serviceable makeshift which later will be a chicken coop or barn, may be had for two hundred dollars if constructed of galvanized corrugated iron on light frame work with the inside lined with celotex or other sheet insulation. Here the manufacturer would find a market and take a note, and most other purchases could also be arranged on time.

Each family would need perhaps a hundred dollars on which to subsist until crops began maturing.

There are several sources from which this money might be secured—the bank which sells the land, for that bank much more desires interest-bearing paper than land, private individuals of means, corporations, States or the Federal Government. In Georgia I am informed this entire settlement proposition was successful with forty-eight families with a cash outlay of about one hundred dollars each.

Immediate action is imperative if this year's crops are to be planted at the right time.

JOSEPH CLIFTON POST  
*Point Pleasant, New Jersey*

**E**STABLISH an employment bureau consisting of as many officers as necessary.

2. Canvass the city or town (all manufacturing plants or other places employing people) advising them to get in touch with employment bureau if any help is needed (all help to be classified) urging all to do work now.

3. Have the canvassers remind all that contributions can be sent to employment bureau, where they can be used by giving orders for food, fuel, clothing, etc. to be paid for by check by Employment Bureau.

4. Do away with the Eighteenth Amendment as soon as possible and have a law similar to that in Canada. That alone would put thousands of people to work using up millions of bushels of grain for which we have no market now, besides stimulating the market for bottles, barrels, etc.

KEOKUK POST  
*Keokuk, Iowa*

**K**EOKUK POST is co-operating with the rest of the city in unemployment relief. A committee of thirty was appointed to raise and administer a fund for unemployment relief. Our motto and the idea behind our plan is "Work, Not Charity."

The unemployed were registered by the post and those registering were investigated and then classified according to their needs. Our service officer is chairman of the registration and classification committee.

These men are given a chance to cut wood for their fuel and as high as 200 men per day have taken advantage of it. The men are paid one dollar a day in groceries and a load of wood is delivered to their homes. Over 1000 loads of wood have al-

ready been delivered. About 200 acres have been cleared for different farmers. This plan was first used by the post to permit their members to get in their winter fuel supply, but it went over so big that it was adopted as part of the city-wide plan.

Road graveling and other city improvements have been done with the co-operation of the city council. On city improvements the city pays the expense of the trucks and drivers and the other labor is paid from the unemployment relief fund. This year we are using only trucks belonging to those registered as unemployed. Men are paid thirty cents an hour and trucks \$4.60 a day.

The men are paid with a merchandise order good for groceries, meats, drugs, rent or other specified necessities.

A list of men available for odd jobs is kept and people urged to have these jobs done as soon as possible.

Persons getting help from the relief fund must turn the keys of their pleasure cars over to the Committee of Thirty.

Tickets which are good for a meal, after a certain amount of wood has been sawed, at the Salvation Army have been distributed to business houses and others to take care of the door-to-door transient tramps. Keokuk Post furnishes the wood and the Salvation Army sees that it is sawed before the meal is given.

IRA LOU SPRING POST  
*Jamestown, New York*

**S**OME time ago Ira Lou Spring Post appointed a committee to form an unemployment relief organization. This committee was appointed, formulated plans and reported to the same meeting. Three nights later the unemployed were being registered at the Legion home under supervision of Legionnaires. Registration in the evening was continued for one week—ten volunteer Legionnaires and three Auxiliary members handling this each night. Registrations are still being made by Legionnaires located in prominent places in the business district.

Our Commander undertook the job, along with his regular work as purchasing agent of the Board of Education, of placing these unemployed.

Arrangements were made with both local newspapers to solicit the public for work. This was done by printing daily an article with a coupon to be filled in and mailed. A blind telephone number is also printed for use in emergency cases. The telephone company co-operated by placing extensions of the Legion phone in the employment officer's office and in his home.

When a coupon or phone call offering work comes in, the employment officer refers to his carefully indexed file, picks out a suitable man or woman, checks up on the references given and then reaches that person by the nearest phone number given on registration card or by sending out Boy Scouts, who have also volunteered to assist in locating people.

This plan is working out so much better than we originally (Continued on page 72)



**WANTED AT ONCE!**

**500 More City and Rural Dealers**

Start your own business with our capital. It pays better than most occupations. Buy everything at wholesale—sell at retail. Be your own boss. Make all the profits on everything you sell. We supply everything—Products, Auto-Bodies, Sample Cases, Advertising Matter, Sales and Service Methods, etc. 15 Factories and Service Branches. Prompt shipments. Lowest freight and express rates. Superior Rawleigh Quality, old established demand, lowest prices, guarantee of satisfaction or no sale, makes easy sales. 200 necessities for home and farm, all guaranteed the best values. Rawleigh's Superior Sales and Service Methods secure most business everywhere. Over 42 million Products sold last year. If you are willing to work steady every day for good pay, write for complete information how to start your own business with our capital.

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DEPT. D-36-ALM, FREEPORT, ILL.

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**EARN**  
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OR MORE growing Mushrooms in your cellar or shed. Big demand. Experience unnecessary—very interesting—we tell you how. Illustrated book free—write today.

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**BIG PAY** One garment free with three. New merchandise plan sweeping the country. Big Cash Pay starts at once. Complete sample line given free. Write today. The plan's a proven money maker.  
**GIVING AWAY** CARLTON MILLS, Dept. 79 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 308-J  
**Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery**

**CORNS-SORE TOES**  
—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure.  
**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**  
Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

**PANTS MATCHED**  
DON'T THROW AWAY THAT COAT AND VEST! Save \$15 or more! Let us match your coat and vest with new trousers tailored to your measure. Save the price of a new suit. (Average price \$8.50.) Over 100,000 patterns. Mail sample of suit, or your vest which will be returned with FREE Sample for your approval.  
**MATCH PANTS CO.** FREE SAMPLE  
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. B-15. Chicago

**Need Money Quick?**  
HERE'S A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO MAKE  
**\$15 A DAY**  
No waiting. Profits start at once. Hundreds making up to \$15 a day taking orders for ZANOL Pure Food Products, Toilet Preparations, Soaps, and other fast-selling Household Necessities. Just the things everyone MUST buy to live. Orders in every home. No dull seasons. Big profits. Steady repeat business. No capital or experience needed. I furnish everything. Ford Tudor Sedan offered FREE to producers as extra reward. Don't miss this chance. Particulars free. Write today.  
**ALBERT MILLS, Pres.,**  
147 Monmouth Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio



## "Here's the first bonus



## from that coupon!"

"WELL, here it is—the first raise I've had since we were married! And I give you the credit, just as I am going to give you the extra cash. The boss called me in and said, 'Bob, your work has been improving steadily for months, and I don't want you to think we haven't noticed it, so we're putting our appreciation in your envelope today.'"

"That was a great idea you had, Mildred, when you clipped that International Correspondence Schools' coupon and suggested in your own dear way it might be a good thing for me to mail it to Scranton. Now we won't have to touch that government bonus—we have a bonus of our own!"

Is lack of training your problem? Do you wonder about the next raise? Is it necessary for you to borrow money for the things you need? Snap out of it—the first step is taken when you mark and mail this coupon!

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University" Box 7582-C, Scranton, Pa.  
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wood Millworking                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating <input type="checkbox"/> Ventilation    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineer                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder                          | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer                                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotives                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting                               | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Train Operation                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer                              | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Bridge and Building                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreman   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining Engineer                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt.                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engines <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker  | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing <input type="checkbox"/> Radio    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming                                 |

#### BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Complete Commercial                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy                             | <input type="checkbox"/> English <input type="checkbox"/> Signs           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountant                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Lumber Dealer                                    |

Name.....Age.....  
Street Address.....  
City.....State.....  
Occupation.....

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## Plans That Make Jobs

(Continued from page 71)

expected, that it has become necessary for the post to hire a clerk to assist the employment officer. More than thirty men and women have been placed in temporary and permanent jobs in about two weeks of operation.

### WILLIAM CLINTON STORY POST

Freeport, Long Island

THE Post Commander invited the head of every civic and fraternal organization and the mayor of the village to meet for the purpose of discussing ways and means of accomplishing relief of the unemployed. All principal organizations responded. The post civics chairman presented a plan as follows:

1. Make survey of community to determine: (a) What relief agencies are already operating; the sphere of activity of each; its resources; its normal requirements; its probable requirements during this winter and what assistance it is likely to require; (b) The number of unemployed; the number now dependent on relief and their status.

2. Set up a plan of operation to coordinate the efforts of the various relief organizations to avoid duplication of effort and expenditure.

3. Seek employment opportunities and devise work relief projects to reduce the volume of administered relief.

4. Raise funds.

A permanent organization was then set up. Realizing that the raising of funds would require the services of many people, it has been the aim of the committee to constantly add to its number. The employment committee operates an employment office in the Municipal Building where applications are received, investigations directed and applicants engaged. One of the unemployed was hired as a clerk for this office. The clothing committee maintains a clothing station in the Municipal Building. It has distributed clothing to more than 500. The home relief committee administers temporary relief in the form of food, fuel, medical care, money, until such time as the town welfare officer begins to function. The work projects committee working with the village engineer devises work projects.

### COLUMBIA POST

St. Helens, Oregon

AMERICAN LEGION employment bureaus should not specialize in service to ex-service men alone, although naturally they get priority advantages. Bureaus, especially in the lesser populated communities, should be a combination of Legion and civic endeavors, registering all unemployed.

Legion posts as operators of employment bureaus, under management of an executive chairman, and major civic organiza-

tions as sponsors of the bureau, would each have a liaison committee of two members, which would constitute the "general committee" of the bureau. The Post Commander would be chairman, executive chairman would be secretary, and a prominent civic organization man, preferably a banker, would be treasurer.

Operating funds would be collected by a finance committee, appointed by the "general committee" to solicit the business men. Funds would be issued to the executive chairman at the end of each fiscal month, as per budget approved by the "general committee." Budgets can be figured on a quarterly basis; on the first solicitation business men would pledge a certain amount for each month of the quarterly period, and pay in full, or monthly, as desired.

Length of residence for registrants is optional. Country work should be given to residents of your county, thereby stimulating local trade. Every county should care for itself and state and federal agencies be relieved of the burden.

Employment bureaus are of paramount importance. Relief bureaus are essential and perform a worthy, and much needed service, but if a man is given employment, he is able to trade at the various business houses and is able to take care of himself and his family, and therefore has no need of help from relief agencies.

By meeting certain requirements of the Department of Labor, U. S. Employment Service, Legion bureaus may get its co-operation and certain benefits therefrom.

THE American Legion Monthly's Employment Competition, which as announced on page 30, will end April 20th, is open to any post of The American Legion. Conditions of the competition are as follows:

To the post of The American Legion submitting the most workable, most adaptable local program for meeting the unemployment crisis The American Legion Monthly will award an original bronze sculpture, to be the permanent possession of the winning post in the competition.

No contribution reaching the office of The American Legion Monthly after April 20th will be considered.

Plans as submitted to the Monthly must be outlined in not more than three hundred words. Pictures, charts and other supporting evidence will be accepted.

The entry of a given post must bear the attest of the Post Commander and the Post Adjutant.

The editors of The American Legion Monthly and the members of the Legion's National Employment Commission will act as judges in the contest, although the roster of judges may be increased.

Remember the closing date. Address Employment Competition, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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